CAPTAIN JACK

AN OFFICIAL SUPER-SLEUTH

HENRY OUTERBRIDGE

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CAPTAIN JACK

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CAPTAIN JACK

HIS STORY AS TOLD
TO
HENRY OUTERBRIDGE

THE LIFE-STORY TO DATE OF A BORN SWASHBUCKLER, TWO-GUN FIGHTER, AND WORLD-ROVING MAKER OF HISTORY, INCLUDING CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION ON THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN MEXICO, NICARAGUA, CHINA, AND OTHER PLACES WHERE UNCLE SAM HAS IRONS IN THE FIRE

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FOREWORD

My first sight of Captain Jack was in the Café de la Paix. He came through the crowd like a swimmer coming through surf, making large motions with his big arms and hands, heading relentlessly for the table he had selected, yet pushing his way through the crowd with a certain debonair good humor that won him tolerance rather than resentment. It was, too, a Paris café crowd, rather keen on its dignity and rights; I expected to see him "called" before he got to his place. He reached his table unreproved, however, waved the two men following him to seats, and bawled *Gassong!* at the waiter.

The two men with him were self-evidently Americans, but, until he spoke, I had imagined Jack was a Spaniard. Black, roving eyes, a big, friendly nose, swarthy skin, high fore-

head with thick black hair rising a little far back now, suggestive of the early forties, a muscular, free-moving frame—altogether a handsome devil, and a suitable figure for the poop or fo'c's'le of a sloop sailing the Spanish Main. He must have been a fine swashbuckler in his youth.

The two Americans, I gathered as the three of them drank cognac from huge, thin, heated goblets, were bent on getting him to go on a night-long trip through Montmartre; incidental to their plan, they were bent on getting him as drunk as they were themselves. But he jovially refused either to get drunk or consider accompanying them on their expedition, although he gave them plenty of addresses and directions. Finally they left, joyously bent on adventures that had long since grown stale to him. I fancied he envied them a little their juvenile enthusiasm.

He absent-mindedly paid the bill and settled back to finish his drink and cigarette, leaving a well-stuffed pocket-book carelessly deposited in a side pocket of his coat. A passing pick-pocket lifted the wad and wandered away. Evidently Jack had no idea at the time that he was being robbed. But something about a glance that the man threw back as he went through the revolving door made him clap his hand to the pocket where his purse had been.

Jack at once went in pursuit, the sort of pursuit that might be expected of him. He knocked over tables, sent glass-ware crashing, smashed the revolving door so that two of the leaves folded up like the covers of a book, bounded out into the Boulevard des Capucines, and sprinted after the pickpocket. The light-fingered one turned out to be a pretty good sprinter himself but Captain Jack by a great

effort succeeded in getting close enough to his fleeing quarry to swing at the neck, just below the ear. The man went down in a way commensurate with the size of Jack's fist, biceps, and excellent fistic timing. He at once recovered his pocket-book.

While one policeman worked over the unconscious man, another interviewed Captain Jack. The officer spoke English; relieved of sputtering bad French, Captain Jack explained:

"The son of a gun tried to pinch my wa-ad!"

His drawl, his smile! Why, what a piece of humor it was, that anyone had the bad judgment to try to rob him! A policeman, glancing from the mighty Captain Jack to the crumpled young dip on the sidewalk, also seemed to appreciate the grotesqueness of the situation.

During the next three months we became

quite friendly, and he told me something about himself, in particular about his real job, which concerned the international relationships of Uncle Sam. Uncle was keeping Jack's nose to the grindstone of a bank job, had been keeping it there for three years then, and Jack was yearning for action. The Government had given him his hardest job, he said, in forcing him to live on his bank salary in Paris, while he built up a reputation as a respectable, plodding, everyday citizen. Now and then he made brief trips into Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Russia.

But none of these excursions, dangerous enough for any man, has lessened his boredom over the life of a bank employee in Paris, the respectability of which was so valued by Captain Jack's Washington chief. Quite recently the British retained him to organize a machine-gun unit in India. His old command

in Mexico and Nicaragua, a choice gang of cutthroats, roughnecks, and brigands, were gathered from the Western Hemisphere for this work, but Captain Jack's particular branch of the Secret Service protested his use by the British. He is still in Paris, awaiting orders.

During this period of waiting, I have persuaded him to write his memoirs to amuse and edify his fellow countrymen, few of whom, doubtless, know that they are guarded on the paths of peace and prosperity by such exploits as are herein recounted. In conclusion, I am compelled to say that I have left Captain Jack's story substantially as he wrote it, apparent though it is that he is far more accustomed to living adventures than to the dull business of writing them.

HENRY OUTERBRIDGE.

Paris, March, 1928.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	A KALEIDOSCOPIC BEGINNING	3
II	JAPAN AND THE SECRET SERVICE	27
III	LOVE AND LARCENY IN CHINA	57
IV	MACHINE-GUNS IN NICARAGUA	94
V	BARGAIN COUNTER WARFARE	129
VI	WITH VILLA IN MEXICO	157
VII	A FLING AT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY	195
VIII	THE TEXAS "INVASION"	242
IX	EUROPE AND THE BIG SHOW	307
X	MONEY TALKS IN MEXICO	329
XI	PARIS ADVENTURES	345

CAPTAIN JACK

1

CAPTAIN JACK

CHAPTER I

A KALEIDOSCOPIC BEGINNING

My father was a Scotchman, naturalized in the United States and living there most of his life, a man with a good head on him and a fine education. My mother was a Spanish lady, with just as good a head, in her way, educated, too, and keeping it up till late in life. Besides English, German, French and Italian, she learned enough Chinese when she was forty years old to speak to old Wu Ting Fang, then Chinese Ambassador, in his own language during a banquet in Washington. She didn't

just speak to him, but held a regular conversation. The whole table was knocked for a goal, if not for a row of Chinese bath-houses. I have since tried to learn Chinese, and my hat is off to her, but I never had much education to start with; what talents I had got started along different lines.

My father met my mother in Madrid and they were married there. My father was a civil engineer, building a railroad for the Spanish Government at the time. He was also keeping an eye on things around Madrid for Uncle Sam, this being fourteen years before the Spanish-American War, but we were already beginning to have friction with Spain, and thought we would have to fight her sooner or later, the same as with several other countries to-day. Dad found out a good deal of important dope in Madrid, and sent it back to Washington, while he was supposed to be doing

nothing but civil engineering. He had a lot more to do with winning the Spanish-American War than a lot of the generals and such who got the credit, but we agents are, of course, not out for credit, only to do the job. Dad used to tell me, when I was a kid, he wanted me to take his place in the service some day when he was through, and I'm glad to say I have, even though I nearly lost out, due to running away from home when quite young.

My mother was a Castilian of good family, a raving beauty, with the accent on the raving as well as on the beauty. I say this with all due respect and with sincerest admiration, also. I have no use for a person who cannot rave when necessary, and I guess she had plenty of cause. She was full of pep, and still is. I have not seen her for a number of years, business keeping me abroad most of the time, but every year or so I receive a letter from her,

which I always answer immediately, and I always make it a point to call on her when I am in the United States and have the greatest respect and admiration for her.

Right after she and Dad were married in Madrid, they left for South Africa, where there were a few things the service wanted to know about, and where I was conceived. Then they traveled back to La Grange, Ky., just outside of Louisville, where I was born. This shows I began traveling early, and maybe I get some of my wanderlust from that, as well as some other things. I look a good deal like a Spaniard—I have been called a Spaniard on a Scotch frame—but no one who heard me talk ever took me for anything but an American, even though I haven't spent a lot of time in my native land. There is Indian in me, too, and I may look like an Indian, as well as like a Spaniard. My grandfather, on the Scotch

side, came to Maine and married an Indian squaw, and took her back to England with him, many years back. And his grandfather was a pirate, or privateer, for the British, who was hung at the yard arm in chains by the Spanish, or maybe it was the French. All this was in the family Bible which I do not remember very well, reading it as a kid before I ran away from home. There was a lot about my mother's family, too, written by her in Spanish, but I did not know how to read Spanish well at that time, although I could speak it.

I ran away because my father questioned the truthfulness of something I said. In his Scotch stubbornness he refused to reason it out with one so young, and so punished me for something I had not done. This injustice I multiplied so many times in my mind, that I foolishly deemed that I could no longer live at home.

My career at school was not a howling success, due to the fact, that my other studies suffered through my love of history and geography. And even these studies suffered when I was given "The Life of Napoleon." It was a big book, all full of maps and pictures, that Dad gave me. I guess I read it through about fifty times. I used to cut soldiers out of pasteboard, and put them through battles, sometimes following the maps in the book, and then I would shoot them all down with a sling-shot.

I used to play hookey and stay away from home a good deal. I was a black sheep, I guess, and neither home nor school appealed to me much. There was an old German lived down our street, who spent all his time fixing or trying to improve firearms, and I used to go there. He let me help him. He had a big shop. By the time I was fifteen, I could blindfold

myself and then take apart and put together again any of the makes of rifles, pistols, and machine-guns he had around the shop. I was specially interested in the machine-guns, of which he had two, one old Maxim, and I don't know what the other was. But I wanted to use them in real war as well as play with them.

When I was seventeen years old, I ran away and joined the navy. "Join the Navy and See the World." I wanted to see the world, and I wanted action. I wanted to be a great general or something, like a kid will. I wanted to be a kind of king on my own. But I didn't find any pleasure at all in the navy. My spirit rebelled against discipline, and about all I did was wash paint work and polish brass and get into trouble. I spent a year in the navy, and about half that time was in the brig. Nothing was like what I thought it was going to be. I played hookey from the navy, just like I used

to from school, but the navy had a harder come-back. One time I spent a month straight in double irons in the brig, on bread and water.

That was a merry little hell of a time. The irons on your legs give you a chance to step only a few inches, the room is dark and smelly and still, and three times a day you get a cup of water and a hunk of bread. Every fifth day they have to give you a real meal, anyway something more than bread and water, and, oh, boy! don't you polish the dishes! But think that over, lasting a whole month. By the end of the month, my belly was jazzing with my backbone.

I used to take bending exercises to try to keep fit and keep from going crazy. There were cases where boys went loco from double irons not lasting as long as mine did. I even learned to undress and dress myself with my irons on, which is some job, and few

learn to do it. Imagine trying to keep clean and decent, attending to the necessities of life, with your hands handcuffed in front of you, only a few inches apart, and your ankles the same way. I'll say no more. I went in weighing about 180 pounds, a big strong fellow, and came out all skin and bones, weighing about 120 pounds, and about as strong as a walking skeleton. But at that they hadn't broken my spirit, only made me uglier. I understand that sort of punishment is no longer allowed in the navy, and maybe it's just as well.

Years later, I met the captain of my ship, the old *New Jersey,* in Paris, on a different footing. He didn't remember me, but, of course, I had enlisted under an assumed name. We were at a big banquet together, there in Paris, and I was one of the speakers. Even when I told him the name I had served under,

he couldn't believe it was the same fellow. Time sure does alter cases.

He remembered, all right, one incident that had happened while we were laying in Boston Harbor. At the next berth to us was a visiting Italian battleship. The Italian officers, all covered with gold braid, were reviewing marines on deck. I was sitting over near the galley door, on the old *Jersey,* peeling hot sweet potatoes. I was in disgrace, and denied shore leave, as usual, while all the good little gobs were ashore. Always a rebel, I was sore, and feeling sorer than ever just then. Anyway, without thinking much about what I was doing, I picked up a big, mushy potato, and heaved it at the chief Italian officer reviewing the marines. Cobb couldn't have done better. It hit him right in the middle of the chest, splashing hot sweet potato over him and over officers around him. Then everybody yelled

and got busy, while I went on peeling sweet potatoes. But they passed the buck to me, all right; I was about the only one aboard they could pass it to. The incident nearly caused a break between the two countries. Apologies were sent from Washington, and the high command from our ships visited the Italians, and all that sort of thing. It meant another course of double irons for me, and that was the time I got them for a month straight, it was a good deal for hitting an Italian with a sweet potato.

I don't know why they didn't kick me out of the navy at that time, but when I got back on deck they put me once more at the work I detested so much. It was worse than K. P. in the army. I decided to get out, and jumped ship while we were laying in Guatemala Bay. Yes, I deserted, became a deserter from the navy, and it's queer how that idea gets under

my skin, even to-day, twenty long years afterward. Not even my most intimate friends know about that. On the same day, I left as a common sailor on a ship bound for Trinidad. From there I wandered back into America. Most of them wander back, even though when I jumped ship I swore I was done with Uncle Sam forever. A deserter feels awfully lonesome.

At last, after six months of a hard life knocking around, I got up courage enough to go back home and confess to my parents. My mother thought I hadn't been so much to blame, but my father took it hard. He convinced me I ought to go to the Navy Yard in Brooklyn and give myself up. So back in double irons I went again, and there was more bread and water and disgrace. But this spell didn't last long. My father, of course, had considerable influence in Washington, so with-

in a month I was set free, carrying a discharge, without honor, in my assumed name. Without honor.

But almost as bad was a letter from my father, handed to me at the same time, saying my home was closed to me, and that he didn't care to see me again till I had showed I was a man. He was Scotch. I am glad he was not killed before the State Department at Washington, some years later, took back my dishonorable discharge and gave me one with honor. He was killed in the performance of his duty, and I think I know who did it, which is one unsettled account I still have on my hands.

The State Department gave me my honorable discharge in return for some information and assistance, at my special request. They wanted to know what they could do for me, and that was my first request. Washington

and I have managed to keep on pretty good terms ever since.

When I was set free from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, with no place to go and no money, I knocked around New York for a while, drinking a good deal, going through the customary adventures of a discharged sailor. I had learned to drink like a sailor, swear and do a lot of other things like a sailor, while in the navy. That was a roughneck time which I do not care to remember, and I really do not remember much. I felt like an exile in my native land. I was worse off than Napoleon at Elba or St. Helena. So I got out, was kicked out more likely, and sailed around as a common sailor. Finally, after about six months, I landed in the Philippines. There I found a position as packer on the supply train between Camp Stanley and Camp Keithly, back forty miles or so in the interior.

This was in 1908, when we were still having a good deal of trouble with the natives. It was my first taste of real life "on my own," where I had a little freedom, and a chance to be my own boss. The work was hard and dangerous, but I enjoyed it. I soon became expert at throwing a diamond hitch, at loading the aparejos on the mules' backs, at helping to get the supplies through. The Moros were always on the war-path, and many a lively little skirmish we had while going over the trail, driving about forty mules loaded with supplies for the camp. I learned to shoot here, and bagged quite a few Moros with a revolver, which is the best arm for getting them as they can never be seen except close at hand. I wore my guns tied down to my legs with buckskin thongs so they would be quick and easy on the pull.

In Mindanao life was quite gay and inter-

esting. One morning in the market place of Zamboango I saw my first native go *juramentado*. The priests take a religious fanatic, and work him up with certain drinks, as well as with prayers about Allah and the Christian dogs. They work on him for several days. Then they tie his legs and arms tightly with strong vines, tying vines also about his body from the waist up to the arm pits. He is still free to use his arms and legs, but the circulation is almost cut off. Then they give him a big, two-handed kris, a wavey-bladed sword as sharp as a razor, cover him from head to foot in a long dark robe, and send him to the market place to kill Christians. The more he can kill before he is killed, the closer he will sit to Mohammed in heaven, and the more pleasures he will have.

As this *juramentado* native threw off his cloak and stood naked except for the vines wound around his middle and arms and legs,

waving his kris, the natives all darted for cover. They knew what was coming. In about half a minute, only five persons, beside the fanatic, were left in the market place. There was myself, three soldiers on guard, and a German hemp trader. The German was standing nearest the native, but with his back turned, so he did not see him. The native raised his kris like a flash and, with a shrill yell and before the German knew what hit him, cleaved the man from his neck to his crotch, cutting down through his shoulder close to his neck. The German simply fell apart, like a piece of stove wood when you split it with an axe.

The crazy native turned, in the time it would take to snap your fingers, and started for the nearest soldier. The doughboy dropped on one knee and calmly put shot after shot into the native's body. The only effect I could see was that he flinched, just a little, when hit. The

fifth or sixth bullet must have reached a vital spot, for he dropped in a heap, only about six feet in front of the soldier.

The soldier still continued to kneel. In fact, I had to lift him to his feet, and he could hardly stand when he got upright. He was a Tennessee mountaineer, and had only been in the army three months. He was a good shot, and he couldn't get over the way that native kept coming with all those bullets in him, for he knew he was hitting him right. There was something queer about it, too. All six shots from the Springfield had gone into a place in the crazy native's chest you could cover with a dinner plate, and he must have got two or three through the heart before he fell. It must have been his big idea, overcoming his body's weakness, that kept him going so long.

After eight or nine months, I showed them I could handle men, and was made chief packer

of the Stanley-Camp Keithly trail. Three months after that I was given charge of all the pack trains on the island on the death of the head packer. His woman, or "jawbone matrimony" as they are called, cut him up and hid the pieces so well we never found him. He just simply disappeared. The report that his "matrimony" had done it came around about three months later, through the natives. It was said she was jealous.

Anyway, his bad luck was my good luck, as often happens. As head packer of all the trains on the island, it was a good life. I had more authority than a lot of the colonels, majors, and such. I must know how large a guard I needed, whether to run or fight, how to fight when necessary. By force of will I pulled myself away from my easy-going life and drank but little, and never when I had a job on hand. It was not long before I began to

receive invitations to tea, dinner, and various parties at the military post, and began again to meet people of my own class.

I remember one lieutenant in particular, a fine, handsome young fellow just out of West Point, who, naturally I suppose, high-hatted me a little in a social way, even though as chief packer of the whole island, I wasn't as low as I had been. This lieutenant happened to be in charge of one of the pack train guard details when it was ambushed by natives. It was a rather large shipment of food and ammunition, and I was along, too. The natives are able to creep through the nipa grass with less noise than even our own American Indians, and we didn't know there was one in the vicinity until they began firing. They had a pleasant little habit of rushing in among us, under cover of the firing, to hamstring horses and mules and throw everything into confusion.

The confusion was made worse by the bolt of Lieutenant X's horse, which carried him back through the pack train, and down the trail to the rear. As he passed me, I noticed his spurs were busy. Was he trying to hold on, or wasn't the horse going fast enough? He came back a little later, after we had chased the Moros away, making good Moros of about twenty of them, and explained that he couldn't stop his horse, as the horse was badly frightened I took pleasure in recommending a Mexican bit. The first time under fire is always the hardest, and later he did good fighting in the islands, showing that he was a man with courage. But he never high-hatted me again. He got the D. S. C. in the last war, overrunning his objective in the Argonne, so that they didn't know whether to court-martial him or give him the D. S. C., but about this time the French came through

with a decoration for him, so it was decided to give him the D. S. C. Such is fame. I got very friendly with the other officers after this little affair with Lieutenant X, and used to sport around with them. They were a pretty wild lot out there but they were young, far from home, and had to do something to forget the loneliness. I guess I had a reputation for being as wild as most of them, if not wilder. One night two of them and myself, in the course of a wild evening, found ourselves in a sporting house, a shack run by the natives for the soldiers. All of us had been drinking strong liquor, and lots of it. As we entered, the landlady, no doubt to oblige us, started to play "Home, Sweet Home" on a broken gramophone. It was awful. One of the officers sat down and began to cry. I felt homesick as the devil. I grabbed the gramophone and threw it through the wall of the flimsy nipa shack.

The landlady, of course, objected. She was a large, black, tough old girl, and her language nearly set the shack on fire. I tried to reason with her, but she wouldn't listen to reason, so I took her by the nape of the neck and the seat of the trousers and threw her through the wall after the gramophone. She made an awful crash going through the wall, and yelled bloody murder afterward, by which I knew she wasn't hurt much. The two officers applauded, yelling also.

In a few minutes, a little native policeman arrived and told me I was under arrest. This was a great surprise to me, as he wasn't much bigger than a good-sized monkey. Continuing to insist that I really was under arrest, I took him by the belt, whirled him around my head a couple of times, and tossed him after the gramophone and the madame. Interfering with the police, however, was a more serious

matter, so the two officers persuaded me to join them in a rapid retreat. We got away all right but the little policeman wasn't so bad, and the next morning picked me out as I was sitting on the front porch of my shack. I was just laughing to myself because all the officers had been lined up before the little policeman and the chief of police to pick out the guilty party and I of course, not being an officer, was not in the lineup. It took several drinks and ten pesos (five dollars) to square myself with the chief of police.

But it was worth it, for the natives learned that I was not to be fooled with. Also this added to my popularity amongst the officers, and I was taken to the bosom of that snobbish clan, which one finds wherever the American flag flies over an Army Post. This might have been my undoing but just then luck came my way.

CHAPTER II

JAPAN AND THE SECRET SERVICE

My good luck, that changed the whole course of my life, came about a week later when I took a pack train over a practically unused trail. It was during the rainy season, and the second day out I found my supply of cigarettes ruined. As there was a small outpost of American troops stationed about five miles from the trail, I decided to leave my train and see if the soldiers could help me out. I arrived at the outpost as they were eating breakfast, and had just sat down to a cup of coffee in the mess shack when without warning a horde of Moros swarmed in among us. The soldiers were

caught without their rifles, I think I was the only man on the place who had any shooting irons handy, and though they used knives, forks, and chairs, they were nearly annihilated. I stayed there, popping down Moros, until there was hardly a soldier left standing, then shot my way clear of the shack and reached the safety of the brush. I understand that one or two of the soldiers reached another post, after suffering untold hardships, but the bunch was practically wiped out, a great victory for the Moros.

I got back to my outfit as fast as my legs could carry me, for of course the Moros had stolen my horse, and as the pack train guard of sixteen soldiers galloped off to take over the massacred post, I left my mules and with my packers started out to make a little war on my own hook. I had six packers and myself, all straight shooting, hard riding devils, and

we managed to increase considerably the mortality of the Moros in that region, for, of course, after wiping out the post, no pack train would have been safe till they were taught a lesson. We had the good luck to capture the leaders of the uprising, whom I took great pleasure in turning over to military justice.

This incident later came to the ears of the authorities at home, and was the turning point of my life.

Along about this time I did what a good many of the single men in the islands were accustomed to do. Maybe it was because of that fool phonograph playing "Home, Sweet Home" or maybe it was because I was likely to drink myself to death if I stayed around the officers too much, but anyway I decided to have a home of my own. It was the custom then in the Philippines, (1909), and may be still, to take what was called a "jawbone matrimony."

The "matrimony" is the woman, not the marriage. The women would say, "I so and so's matrimony." The "jawbone" means credit. Soldiers received only fifteen dollars a month at this time, so they were generally broke soon after pay-day, and you could hear them say, "Come on down to the Chink's, I got jawbone there." So the jawbone matrimony was a kind of wife taken on credit, not the till-death-do-us-part kind.

One morning I rode over to a little village where I happened to know the headman, and asked him to find me a good jawbone matrimony, for which I was ready to pay cash in good American gold. I expected to get something pretty nifty, and told him so. The headman said he had one that would just suit me, a real prize. After the customary round of drinks, he went away and soon returned with the damnedest looking female native I ever

saw. She was fat, old, dirty, almost as black as the ace of spades, with hair like a rat's nest.

I flew into a temper at this insult, and kicked them both out of the shack. Then, while the fat old dame ran for her life, I caught hold of the headman and told him, unless he wanted to get into a lot of trouble, to find me something young, good looking, fairly clean, not so dark, and not so fat. This he agreed to do and about an hour later he came back with Nita. She was a Mestiza, half Spanish, half Visayan, about seventeen years old, and quite a beauty. She was almost pure white, just a little golden tint to her, very clean and neat. The headman explained he had got her, just that minute, out of a convent where her parents had placed her when a child, and then disappeared. I talked with her, gaining her confidence, asking her if she would like to come with me as my "jawbone matrimony." She

said she would be very happy to come, so I paid the old bandit ten dollars in gold for her, lifted her up on the saddle in front of me, and we rode away.

She was really very nice though, of course, quite ignorant. She said it did not seem like a real wedding without a best man; she said at all the native weddings there was a best man. I told her Uncle Sam was my best man but he was too busy to come with me that day, and she seemed satisfied. I thought I might have some trouble about having no wedding ceremony, which, of course, is not done, for she talked about a ceremony as we rode away. According to the regulations then followed on the island, I took her first to our doctor for a clean bill of health, which was O. K.

I had a grass house built on the outskirts of Zamboango and, with a sack of rice, our little home started. Nita was really fond of me, and

I soon grew to like her. I bought her American clothes, and she looked stunning in them as long as she would stay still. But they are really little better than savages, and for her shoes were impossible. She wore them to please me, but as soon as I went away, she would swing them around her neck and wear them that way until I got back.

Because she was fond of me there was no danger of her flirting around while I was away from home, as many of the matrimonies did. Her first few months with me were not easy for I was a devil-may-care sort, drinking heavily and gambling when off duty, so that I was always short of money. But I never beat her, as many of the men did their matrimonies, for it is not in me to beat a woman. Neither did she give me much cause for to her I was a hero, whatever I really was—not very much, surely. And on the way to get worse.

As time went by, I began to like Nita and my home more and more, though there was never any great danger of my "going native." A good many men out in the islands went native in those days. Just settled down with a woman, and gin, and such food as the woman could scrape up, and no clothes to speak of, doing nothing but just enjoying life, staying in a kind of a stupor all day long.

It is possible that one time Nita saved my life. I had gone to bed heavy with drink and was soon asleep. I was awakened by her squeezing my hand. Not a sound from her, but I knew something was wrong. It took me only a few seconds to find out what. Somebody was cutting a hole through the grass wall into our room. I reached my hand under my pillow for one of my guns, one of which I always kept within reach.

After the hole was cut, a man started to

crawl through. I again felt Nita pressing my hand, as if asking, "What are you waiting for?" The idea flashed in my mind that the natives are expert at throwing their knives, even when lying flat on their bellies, so I threw down on him with my gun both Nita and I leaving our beds at the same time with the shot, and lay waiting, this time on the floor, to see if there was more than one. Nothing but silence. After a few moments, I crawled out of the house and circled around, crawling through the grass, but found no one.

The man I had got, shot through the forehead just at the spot I had aimed at, proved to be a native with a knife in his right hand. He had reached with his left hand a square-face (bottle of gin). He retained such a grip on the bottle that I was obliged to pry his fingers loose with my knife. Maybe he only intended to steal the gin, of which they are very fond, may-

be, again, he intended to make a clean job of it, kill both Nita and me, and steal everything in the place, a not uncommon trick of the natives.

As a lesson to them, I buried him with a pig on top of him, as a warning to others not to fool with me or mine. They are all Mohammedans, and they pleaded with me for days to be allowed to take the pig away, so the man could go to the Mohammedan heaven. At last I gave them permission to release his soul by taking the pig away. They were very grateful.

Soon after this time, I went to visit an island north of Mindanao where the natives had killed and mutilated five United States marines. There was good rye whiskey to be had there, and I was getting tired of squarefaces. When I got there, I found we had sent an outfit to the tribes, asking them to deliver to the authorities the guilty ones, but nothing

doing, only palaver. So, taking five of their headmen, our outfit returned to the post. The five were tried and found guilty and condemned to be hanged unless the tribes concerned would give up the murderers. Still nothing doing.

On the day set for the hanging, we lined up the tribes to see the show, trusting that at the last minute, when they saw we were determined to go through with the hanging, they would give up the guilty men. But they kept talking, laughing, saying in their lingo, "Just a case of American bluff." They thought we were great bluffers. At last the time arrived and putting ropes around the necks of the five men, we placed them blindfolded on the backs of horses, with the other end of their ropes over the limbs of trees, in the good old-fashioned Wild West way. Still no word and, as the minute came which we had announced

before, the horses were lashed from under them, and the five were left dangling in the air. A terrible howl of sorrow went up from the natives, about two thousand of them all howling at once, and they hurried away to their homes, knowing that Americans do not always bluff.

Back home again, with a cargo of Canadian Club both inside and out, and a lot more respect for the way Uncle Sam treated "our little brown brothers" when they got out of hand. Nita was glad to see me, the house full of flowers, she prettier than ever, making me feel like a king. This was the time when I came nearest to going native for there seemed no use in doing anything, or going anywhere, but just sitting in the sunlight, smoking, drinking, with her my slave to do everything for me, and better than any slave. But once again, just as I was in danger, here came a piece of luck, a

letter from the governor-general ordering me to report to his office in Manila.

I was anxious enough to go to Manila, both to see the town as well as to know what was on the governor-general's mind. I did not exactly want to take Nita, for I didn't think she would fit in at Manila as well as she had in Zamboango, but she begged so hard I finally decided to take her along. I got a little house for her in Pasig, but mostly I lived with the Americans.

I was anxious to get back to America, for I was pretty homesick by now, but Manila wasn't half bad, much better than Mindanao. I got a great kick out of being able to dress in whites, and mingle with my own kind. There were Dutch traders and German buyers, not counting our own officers stationed on Corregidor Island and at Fort McKinley. I resigned from my job as head packer of Min-

danao and after my conference with the governor-general, I decided to return to the States. The Government, I was told, seemed quite grateful for what I had done in bringing back the leaders of the native uprising, and seemed anxious to give some concrete proof of their gratitude. Perhaps, I thought, I could get a discharge, with honor, from the navy. It was worth trying, and I decided to strike while the iron was hot. I got the idea that, anyway, there might be some sort of a job for me, if Washington liked my looks.

While waiting for the Army transport that was to take me back, I had a good deal of time to myself so I started looking around to try to raise a big stake, so I could go home in style.

I thought I had a good chance to clean up on a game cock called "William" or "Fighting Bill," that I had brought up with me from

Mindanao. William had cleaned up every game cock around my old stamping ground so I couldn't get good odds on him around there, where he was well known. He was a wonder. When I left Mindanao, I said to everybody that I had sold William to a man in Cebu, so they wouldn't be looking for him in Manila and I could get long odds. In Manila I hired a native to look after him and keep him trained. I didn't enter him in any cheap fights, I waited for the big fights, the big money, when everybody for miles around bring their champion cocks to the fighting pits, just outside Manila. I figured, if nobody got wise, I was in for one big clean-up.

While I was waiting, I thought I might clean up a few dollars in one of the gambling games. There was good gambling to be found in Manila in the old days. The Chinks are the greatest gamblers in the world. I wasn't so

bad myself, but the first thing is to find a good honest Chink to gamble with, not one of the gamblers who hang around close to the saloons, and have to be watched every minute with a gun handy, and even then with a good chance they'll put something over.

I came across a Chink sitting in front of his house one evening shaking a bag of gold money in a chamois-skin bag. This is a good trick. A Chink will sit all day, shaking the gold coins in the bag, shaking and shaking away, then, in the evening, he washes the bag to get the wearings of the gold. He will get two or three dollars this way, and, of course, can spend the gold coins for as much as ever. Often he borrows the gold from some rich Chink, and splits the profits with him. And it is a rule that all the money he makes he will spend gambling. I asked this Chink where he was going to gamble that evening, and went with him. Luck was

with me. I cleaned the gambler Chink out of eighteen thousand pesos, or nine thousand dollars. It was a lot more money than I ever had before.

Unfortunately, I spent a large part of it celebrating, going from place to place, often ordering the best in the house for everybody, and there were many places. While I was making the rounds, I met an unusual character, an American girl, who had come out to Manila to make her fortune in the easiest way, and was doing it. There were native girls and half-castes of easy virtue on every street corner but the American girl had a monopoly. She was then the only American girl of that sort in Manila. She was unique, and was famed far and near. She was famous for the fine clothes she wore and for her genteel language, and also for her good looks and for the prices she charged. Only a rich man could look at her.

I met her in the Silver Dollar place, so named because there is a silver American dollar set in every square of the floor. It is a famous place, and when I first came to the Philippines, I wished that there was some way of prying a few dollars out of the floor, as many must have wished both before and since. But that evening I could have covered every dollar with gold. The young lady and I had a wonderful dinner, the best of wines, champagne, and everything on the menu. All this made a large hole in my stake, but for me this little party was a success.

A week or two after my party at the Silver Dollar, everything was ready for the big cock fights, and my old battler, William, was in fine condition, trained to the minute. I never saw a better built fighting cock, though he looked too big and rangy and skinny to be much good, unless a man could appreciate his

fine points. He looked like a skinned eagle. Nobody in Manila knew anything about his record, since I entered him under an assumed name, and I figured I was certainly due for a clean-up. I placed all my ready money, about five thousand dollars, which I had left from my winnings from the Chink, at good odds on my old battler, and several of my friends whom I let into the secret did likewise.

Right after the gong sounded, in about thirty seconds, the other cock made one slash, and poor old William was laying on his back, stabbed through the neck, killed deader than Moses.

I jumped right down into the pit, in spite of all regulations, and took the old boy up in my hands. I knew something was wrong. One look, and I saw that my native trainer had attached the spurs in such a way that they turned inward, and interfered, so the poor old battler

would have no chance to fight, let alone win. That was a dirty trick.

The native had disappeared, but I got information where he lived, and rode out of town on his trail. After about twenty miles, I found him with his family to whom, no doubt, he had explained the reason why he was so flush with money. At the point of a gun, I found out the story. A rich Spaniard had paid him a hundred pesos to fix my battler, hoping to make some easy money. I took a piece of rope, tied the native's neck to my saddle horn, and went back to Manila, not bothering to ride too slow, either. I have seldom been so sore.

The native pointed out the Spaniard's house, and we were admitted by a servant. The Spaniard wasn't there, but the servant said he was expected any minute, since it was nearly midnight, so I said I'd wait. When the Spaniard came in, I first put a gun under his nose,

and then explained that, while I and my friends were good sports, we didn't like to lose our money the way we had, so I would be pleased to have him kick in with it, or I would blow his can off. I would have done it, too. He talked a lot, but I had the native for a witness, and when he saw the hammer begin to rise on my old Smith, he wilted. As I had bet ten thousand pesos, and my friends maybe five thousand more, I told him to hand me twenty-five thousand pesos and we would call it square. He wanted to give me a check, but nothing doing. It was cash and carry with me, or heaven or hell for him. At last he dug up twenty-one thousand pesos in gold, swearing it was all he had in the house. I told him that after all four thousand pesos was a small matter between friends, thanked him for his consideration, and went away, keeping him standing in his doorway covered with my gun till I was sure there

wouldn't be any shooting from any of the windows. No doubt he had made a fortune doing that kind of work.

Now I had enough money so I could go back to America in style. In a few days all was ready, the transport came in which was to take me on board, and there was only one thing left, a last good-by. I told Nita I was going, and left her enough money so she wouldn't have to worry for a year or so, anyway. She insisted on going down to the boat with me, though I tried to persuade her it was not necessary, and I kept hugging and kissing her in spite of the Americans standing around, and my friends laughing at me. She kept saying, "I go back to America with you?" And I kept answering, "No, little girl, that is impossible, but I will come back." I had to tell her I would come back. One last kiss, as the boat started to move, and I nearly missed it, the gangplank

was beginning to rise. I was laughing and crying at the same time as I saw Manila grow smaller. I was laughing because I could see my Chink tailor pulling his hair and waving a bill I had refused to pay for some whites he had not made right, and crying because my matrimony was kissing her hand to me. I had taught her how to do that.

I got a letter from her nearly two years later. I was in New York then. The letter was written in a mixture of English, Spanish, Igarotte, Visayan, and all the dialects of the islands. I made out that she had become the matrimony of a very fine American captain, who never beat her, but always treated her well, gave her fine clothes and everything, but she would leave him if I would come back, or she would come to America if I would tell her how, and send her the money, or she would steal the money from the captain. She also said she had learned

to wear shoes all the time, and could now speak English quite well. I thought it best not to answer the letter but I often think of her with the friendliest feelings.

Nagasaki was our first stop, and we arrived in a crippled condition, as one of the propelling shafts was out of alignment. It is much like all ports all over the world. Not speaking the language, I would get in a rickshaw and, without a word, the boy would start on his way, which led to the nearest saloon. If I just wanted to take a ride, not stop at the saloon, by turning myself fairly inside out and using all the cuss words I knew, I could win a smile and make him start again. Away we would go to the nearest sporting house. During my two weeks in Nagasaki, I could never break the rickshaw boys of that regular routine. All that a foreigner wanted, they thought, was something to drink and, after that, a woman. Maybe their

logic is not altogether wrong, or they would have learned better before this.

One of the passengers and I decided to live ashore, and found rooms in a pretty little Jap hotel, clean as a Dutch kitchen. They gave us blocks of wood for pillows, with a place hollowed out for the neck, which made me think of a chopping block. I tried it out, but finally gave it up, and used an overcoat. Most other Jap customs I soon grew to like.

Our first visit to the hotel bathroom was a riot. We were in the sunken pool, slashing about like porpoises, when in rolled three Jap ladies. Of course we had nothing on, so I made a dash for my kimono, with my hands held like September Morn's, and pulled it out from under one of the ladies who was sitting on it. She seemed to think it was a cushion, and didn't seem to understand why I should be excited. It took me several days to get used to

their bathing customs, as they thought no harm, and, if anybody found somebody else in the bath, they politely sat down to await their turn.

I could have lived in Nagasaki the rest of my life with what little money I had put away. I paid only eight yen, (four dollars) a week for board and room for myself, and my "wife," whom I had bought at the market for twenty yen, (ten dollars). She did all my washing, sewing, and that sort of thing, even making me Jap clothes, of which I cared only for the kimono, used as a dressing gown. I soon grew quite fond of her, although never so much as I was of Nita, nor did she seem so fond of me. After all, there is much difference between Japs and Americans, so that it was hard for them to be really confidential. I read the Japanese novel called "Kimono" last year, and found much in it with which I agreed.

We stayed in Nagasaki about two weeks, mostly just having a good time, but by accident I learned that Nagasaki was the clearing station for German secret service information in the Orient at this time, and Japan and Germany were thick in more ways than one, though watching each other, also, like two strange dogs, and both of them sore at Uncle Sam. I did not give this information more than a casual thought at this time, but it laid the lines for a real clean-up when I came back that way, some months after this, as I will relate in a later chapter.

At last, our repairs finished, we left for 'Frisco, and I certainly felt pretty good at the idea of standing once more on the soil of the good old U. S. A.

It was while looking around in 'Frisco for a few hours, before taking the train east, that I won a peculiar bet, which nearly cost me my

life. We were in some place with a lot of other good sports late at night, and everybody was boasting about how much they could drink without getting drunk. One said he could drink a quart of rye, another a pint without stopping, all had had a good deal to drink, and all were boasting about how hard it was to get them drunk. Some of them were nearly drunk already, and the argument started because I had been drinking glass for glass with them and was not drunk at all, as I was used to the stuff from long practice. So I said it took very little to get me drunk, that I could get drunk on one five-cent whiskey.

Of course they all gave me the merry ha-ha, so I bet one of them ten dollars that I could get dead drunk, simply polluted and paralyzed, on one little five-cent whiskey, and the man I bet with could be the judge of whether I was drunk or not. They thought I was a fool. So I

ordered up the whiskey, then I borrowed a "coke" gun from a snow-bird over in a corner, whom I had seen giving himself a shot right before the argument started, and which gave me the idea. I loaded the "coke" gun with whiskey and shot it into my arm. I heard, in the Philippines, that that was a good sure cheap drunk, although I had never seen it tried. I woke up in a hospital about noon the next day.

Immediately upon my arrival in Washington I made myself known to the proper authorities. Finding that they still felt that they were under obligations to me for the slight services that I had done them, I told them frankly my reason for coming. They conceded to my wishes, and removed the stigma of a discharge without honor, which I felt reflected on me, even though the name was not my own.

At my last conference with them I met a

gray-haired man, with kindly but piercing eyes. He drew me into conversation concerning my life in the Islands, and upon finding that I had no plans for the future, he said that he might be able to use me.

This was my entrance into the Secret Service.

CHAPTER III

LOVE AND LARCENY IN CHINA

THE information which I had tumbled onto in Nagasaki gave my chief considerable food for thought and he decided that I should go to China. My orders were similar to those which carried the famous message to Garcia. I was told to go, and come back with the goods. One suggestion they made, however, was to ally myself with some business or expedition in China. So I went prying around New York and Washington, trying to get me a job that would take me out to China and into the interior. This wasn't so easy. Finally, in a Washington hotel where I was having a few drinks

to get acquainted with the men from all parts of the world around there, I heard about a medical research outfit going to China.

Early next morning I was at the office where applications had to be made. Luckily, instead of asking me what I could do, they started out by saying that they were full up except for a sanitarian. This made it easy. "Well, I'm the man you're looking for—that just happens to be my profession," I said. They told me to come back in four days, when they would let me know if the place was still open. They also told me, when I came back, to bring my papers, such as my state license and college diploma, with me. As the only time I ever saw the inside of a college was once in New York City when I carried a trunk upstairs for a student, I had my work laid out for me.

However, the service was a great help. I

was told what books to read and where to get the necessary papers in New York City. On the way to the railroad station to take the train for New York, I bought two books, which I began to study at once, and on reaching New York I found I could have my papers made and delivered in twelve hours. I got a nice college diploma with a gold seal and my name on it in big letters, a New York state license, and some testimonials. My diploma was from the University of California, where they specialize in sanitation, bacteriology, and anatomical technology. They were liberal—I had degrees in all three.

Feeling that things had started well, I returned to Washington to study until the hour of my appointment. I was pretty sure of getting the job by now for I was told that the service would give me a personal recommendation, and a recommendation from the service

goes a long way, if the man recommended isn't a complete dumbbell, which few of them are, or they wouldn't be in the service. A man in the service is supposed to be so keen that he can take nearly any job offered to him, and make good on it, too. The service just recommends him, and helps him to get the job; after that he's supposed to make good on his own. So I had four days to make myself seem like a college graduate and a sanitarian. I certainly did work.

I don't say I got a college education in four days instead of four years, but anyway, when I presented myself I knew so much about H^2O that I have never cared much for it since. I also learned a great deal about H^2SO^4, which interested me because it was so much like a lot of the stuff I got to drink. When I went back, at the end of four days, not a question did they ask me. Just looked at my papers. They must

have been pretty good, anyway, for I got the job. So I started, a first class sanitarian, by way of 'Frisco and the *S.S. North Pacific,* to help clean up cholera and bubonic plague in China. From the time I left Washington, I studied for at least fourteen hours a day and by the time I reached Hongkong, twenty-six days later, I at least knew about all about sanitation, bacteriology, and anatomical technology that my two big books could teach me.

Luck was with me on the way over, for I won the sweepstakes on the day's run three times, and capped the climax by winning the big sweepstakes, guessing within an hour the time we took our pilot aboard. I needed the money, for I had scattered nearly all mine in New York and Washington, and life was expensive aboard, the bar closing only in the early morning hours. The outfit was ready to move as soon as we hit Hongkong, so, to my

regret, no time was given for looking over the city. We went at once into the interior. I was given charge of a section about fifty miles square, with the order to "clean it up." As I had several competent persons under me, including a good young doctor, a vet, and a bacteriologist, a real one, and as organization comes easy to me, it was only about a month before I had things working smoothly.

But sanitation was not my path in life. I soon found out the few things the service wanted to know there, nothing interesting, just statistics and things like that. There are a lot of these statistics and kindred drudgery in working for the service but every now and then something breaks loose that makes life worth while. I soon began to get bored. It was action of a sort, and hard work, but the danger from plague was soon over, and ever I have liked the path in life where danger gives the blood a

thrill, and adds spice to our otherwise dull existence. So after about four months, as my trail led me to Hongkong, I resigned from the expedition.

Life there was amusing. As desired by the service, I "did" the town, especially the English clubs and bars. It was a fine life, among good fellows and plenty of amusement, and I could find out what the British were up to out there, too. But I got to going a little fast and one morning two weeks later, I woke up to find that I had been robbed, cleaned out of my last cent. There was nothing interesting about the robbery, just the usual thing. It was bad enough losing all my money but getting cleaned like that was worse. I never thought it could happen to me.

I had been stopping at the British Mess, where I could eat on credit, but not having money to tip the Chink waiter I didn't like

to go there. So I just postponed eating, telegraphing for funds. Three days went by, and still I didn't hear from him. By that time my stomach was almost sticking to my backbone, and I could see no way out except the river. I thought, if I went in the river, it would appear that I had been pushed in after being robbed.

The third evening I was sitting in the Mess, about ready to cash in, when a British colonel came over and started conversation. He said: "Our commanding officer died to-day, and I thought, since I hear you are a sanitarian, no doubt you know something about embalming. If you could help us out in this, we would more than appreciate your kindness."

Embalm him! Good God, I would pickle the whole British Army for a chance at a square meal! I went at once to the hospital and started to do my first job of embalming. The first thing I did was call the head nurse and explain

to her that I was likely to be busy most of the night, so could she have a light lunch set out in the anteroom. Not too light either, just a beefsteak and some fried potatoes, and anything else that happened to be handy. On second thought, I said, maybe I'd better eat before I started to work, so I wouldn't have to interrupt my work, and maybe they'd better hurry the food so I wouldn't have to waste time waiting. I certainly did enjoy that meal. Afterward, I tried to remember all I had ever read or heard about embalming, and pickled the British officer as well as I could. I heard afterward that he came through fine, arriving in England looking even better than in life.

The next day the colonel came into the Mess and thanked me for "all you have done." He also said the officers of the Mess had voted to present me with a little envelope. I found it

contained forty pounds. This was a small fortune to me but, just the same, I returned it to the colonel with my thanks. I wonder if I would have returned it if I hadn't had that fine meal the evening before? I said it had been a pleasure to me to assist them in their need, and I was only sorry we couldn't have become acquainted under more pleasant circumstances.

"But, I say, old top," he said, "surely we can do something to show our appreciation?"

Yes, he could, and maybe I was thinking about that when I turned back the forty pounds. Two months before, I knew, a British research outfit had gone into the interior from Tsintsin, and I told the colonel I would like to have a place with that outfit. Sometimes those outfits did researches and such things not down on the official reports. The service would be glad, I knew, if I could get up there and look around.

The colonel said: "Just the thing. Nearly all their supplies were billed to Shanghai, and they have asked me to get a man to convoy the stuff to them. You look as if you could handle the job."

By that afternoon I had everything organized, and was ready to go. Also I was more than ready for another meal. With about a hundred letters to English and Chinese officials on the route, I was escorted aboard the Shanghai boat. It wasn't quite dinner time, so I ordered a meal served in my stateroom. Traveling like a gentleman again, it wasn't bad. But hard luck was on the way.

The little steamer had engine trouble going through the Formosa Strait, and we were obliged to put in at Kelung, on the island of Formosa. There I found a small native sailboat sailing for Shanghai, four hundred miles away. It wasn't quite a junk, but almost as

bad. I had for company two missionaries, the only other passengers on the boat. The dingy little old tub was made to carry freight only, but by giving the captain a few Mexican dollars, I got him to let me have his cabin, which was dirty enough. The two missionaries, men about thirty and not too live looking, settled down on deck.

In the daytime I stayed on deck, and at night, with my swinging oil lamp counted cockroaches until I fell asleep. The second morning, I was early awake, the air seemed stifling and the boat seemed standing still, though with a large swell under us. As I came on deck, an uncomfortable sight greeted me. The sky was dark, and away down to the southeast was a black wall of cloud which seemed to grow larger every second. The air was so motionless that, as I struck a match to light a cigarette, the flame did not even stir. All the time that

mass of swollen cloud was coming our way at express speed. The captain, rushing about, explained that we were in for a typhoon, with a good chance of not surviving it on his small, leaky ship. I was convinced he knew what he was talking about.

When I told this to our two clergymen, translating what he had said, they started to pray as fast as the wind was coming toward us. I turned from them in disgust. There was other work to do than praying. I started to help the sailors batten down the ship and make everything as tight as possible. The tempest began with a few gusts and squalls, with lulls between. This lasted about ten minutes, then the real typhoon hit us. We were like an eggshell in midocean. One minute almost standing on end, then nearly swamped by the mountains of seas climbing over us. Rain came down in torrents, black rain it seemed, yellowish black.

For more than eight hours I manned the pumps, working with the coolie sailors, until at last there was a lull. The seas were still like rolling mountains, and pumping was the only thing that could keep us above water. The coolies were getting tired—they quit easy anyway. I thought it would be a good idea to take time off to go to my little hole of a cabin and break out a couple of bottles of whiskey I had there, and give a drink to each member of the crew to fire their blood and give them the strength and courage to continue their work. If they were to give up, I knew we were done for.

As I opened my cabin door, I was surprised to smell a strong odor of whiskey, and to see my two praying friends as drunk as lords. They had managed to smash one bottle, and had drunk the other, from appearances. I began telling them some things in the best lan-

guage I had, but they didn't seem to mind, only laughed, so I grabbed a baggage strap from under the bed and began to teach them a little of my religion, which they badly needed.

I drove them to the pumps, letting the coolies take turns at resting while the missionaries worked. I had had eight hours of pumping myself, so I thought it was only fair to give the two prayers a chance to pump the hold dry, or at least have a try at it. When one would straighten himself, to rest his back, down would come the buckle end of the strap, with a request to continue working. If the storm had continued, I know I would have worked them till they died on the job. Maybe it would have been better so, as the world might have been better off without them, and the world in general might have thanked me. One can make the will master the body's weakness, and their fear of death did it.

At last we were out of the path of the storm and heading again for Shanghai, but it was ten days before we arrived, as we had been blown out into the Eastern Sea, or Tung Hai, as the Chinese call it. As we arrived in port, my praying companions, or prize pumping team, asked to have a word with me. They wanted me to promise not to tell anyone about their conduct. I reserved that right, but what good would it do to take the trouble to report them to such authorities as they have? At any rate, I hope they may some day read this, and I would put in their names if I remembered them, for surely two like them never existed before, and although I have found plenty of men afraid, I never found any as bad as these two.

I collected my supplies in Shanghai, and went on the railroad as far as Kai-fong-fu, then by boat on the Hwang Ho, or Yellow

River, to Pu-chan-fu. The rest of the trip was a nightmare by wagons, over horrible roads, until at last we reached Fu-chan, the main town in Kan-su, where we again reached the Yellow River, and located our outfit. All I lost on the road was a case of Scotch, and I know where it went, and it went good, too. One other thing I lost was my Chinese interpreter, who vamosed one night when I was still three hundred miles from my journey's end, so I had to make that last stage without an interpreter. Still another thing I lost was a Chink helper, who was killed when trying to ride away with a mule.

In the next village I stopped to make everything all right, for, of course, the other Chinks would talk about the man getting killed, so I thought it was better for me to talk first. Luckily this was before my interpreter vamosed. Everything was arranged for a few

Mexican dollars. Robbery is considered a great crime in the interior, and anyone stealing anything, or attempting to do so, is immediately beheaded. So I saved the village executioner some trouble.

They have a curious custom in these villages, which I noticed on several occasions. Every morning the executioner, with a big beheading sword, leads a little parade through the main street, and comes back with his sword dripping red. If they don't have anybody to behead they put red paint on the sword, but generally they do. It seems it is the custom that the sword must always come back looking as if somebody had been beheaded. This helps to keep the population law-abiding, although the people do not seem to worry much about death by beheading or any other way. I have seen six men beheaded in a row, a young boy forcing their heads down by pulling their queues

back between their legs while they knelt on the ground, and nobody seemed to be much excited, the prisoners or anybody else. First an officer would read from a paper, telling why the man was to be beheaded, then the executioner would lop off his head with one swipe, and then the officer would go on to the next one. After each head was cut off, the small boy who pulled the queues would go up to the dead man and take a small bone from the neck, and put it on a stick. After the beheadings were finished, the boy would deliver the stick to the head officer, which was their way of keeping tally.

Soon after I arrived and delivered my stuff to the British outfit, it broke up, and returned to Peking. I got quite a few statistics for the service, but nothing exciting. We made nearly the entire trip to Peking by boat on the Hwang Ho. Our principal occupation was poker. It is

a game that I play pretty well, especially when the stakes are high, and luck was with me, so that when we were paid off in Peking I had about eighteen thousand dollars. Not all of it was from poker, of course, for there are other ways of cleaning up on such research expeditions, but a good part of it was. Once again I had a big stake, and thought I would return to America in style; after all, there was no place to spend money in like the little old New York of those days. But first of all Germany's activities in Peking must be nosed out. Determined not to make another fool play, I sent my money to San Francisco by mail, keeping out only a few thousand dollars.

My rather roundabout trail led me on to von Hitzler, an unofficial military observer for Germany, and military adviser for the Mikado on the side. He was, as a matter of fact, very highly thought of in Wilhelmstrasse.

He was at that time going the pace which only German army officers seem able to stand up under, a drinking, swaggering, boasting son of the "Fatherland."

In order that I might be considered one of his "kidney," I went the pace of a wild young American, with plenty of money, out for a good time. Peking was a pretty lively little town, and I painted it red, all colors of red, and then some. In a short time I was known as a rake, a fast spender, fast liver, and a hell of a no-account son of a gun. After I got my reputation, I went looking for von Hitzler. The Service wanted to know, of course, what both Japan and Germany were up to over there in Peking. This was in 1909, when there was almost as much trouble in China as at the present day, and Germany and Japan were in the midst of it. Russia, of course, was on the job, and England and our Government had

their fish to fry. This is one kind of war that goes on forever.

I heard von Hitzler often stayed late at night at a joint called Lung Lo's, so one night after midnight I went there to find him. It was some dive. As the door opened, I entered into a place that surely was the devil's own. Beautifully furnished, with hangings on the wall worth a fortune, rugs underfoot so thick it was as though one walked on a field of hay. Little bays along one side, with heavy silken curtains, and the couches inside filled with white men and women in all stages of dope smoking. Every table beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl.

Von Hitzler was sitting in one of the bays with a devil of a good looking girl beside him. He was slim, good looking, with an iron gray mustache and iron gray hair, very classy, in evening clothes, and wearing a monocle. The

girl, a white girl, very beautifully dressed, looked as if she could take care of herself. I had been drinking just enough to feel real good. No person can play being drunk so it will fool an expert, and I was supposed to be drunk to put von Hitzler off his guard, so I had to get drunk. So, with a devil-may-care air, I took a booth where I could look across at von Hitzler and his girl and, in a loud voice asked for the boss.

When he came, I said to him: "I want booze, and plenty of it. And bring on your dancing girls, and if there is one of them who is not good-looking and well formed, I will break your damned yellow neck." At this time, I threw a handful of American gold on the table. "There is more where that came from! All I want is booze, women, and smiles!" As the Chink waiter layed my bottle and glass in front of me, I could see under my half-closed

eyelashes that I had the attention of all the present company who were not too far gone with dope to notice anything.

I smiled at von Hitzler and, with a nod of my head, invited him to my table, but no, his answering nod was for me to come over and sit with him and his girl. I yelled to the waiter to take away his rotten booze and serve the best champagne for us at my friend's table. No doubt thinking he now had a rich American for a banker, von Hitzler put everything forward to please me. The girl, Olga, did the same, giving me many warm glances. After about half an hour of this, I needed fresh air, and suggested that we go to one of the clubs. My lungs were filled with the foul air, and the stench of the incense was enough to put an army to sleep. If we had stayed another hour, I would have been under the table, dead to the world. Von Hitzler said we would go to his

home, and I gladly let him take me there, where we started on more champagne until the three of us were dead drunk and spread out on couches. Just before I passed into the unknown I smiled to myself, knowing that I had made a good start.

Then started a friendship like the world never knew before. Von Hitzler and I were never apart, nearly always drinking, smoking dope, and raising hell in general. And all the bills on an expense account. In a couple of months, I had his complete confidence, and no longer would he guard his words, but let me know just a little, here and there. I took his remarks as though they were of no interest to me and then, to get me interested, he would feed me more of his knowledge, proud to tell me how he had turned this and that trick. I was proud myself; I could see I was turning some tricks of my own.

Olga and I became fast friends, if not lovers, at the start. She would fuss over me like a mother over a child. One night Hitzler, seeing no doubt that she paid little attention to him and much to me, started in to bawl her out. This happened in the next room, and I suppose they thought I could not hear, but there was little said when they were together that I did not manage to hear. This night, when von Hitzler started to bawl her out, she turned on him like a tiger. "I work for the Fatherland, and I intend to use Jack later. Let me play my own game, and be sure you play yours, or the Wilhelmstrasse may have news that you would not care to publish."

I learned many other things by listening to them. I did not let them know I understood any German, much of which I had picked up from the old German gunsmith with whom I used to spend much time back in La Grange.

The girl was much wiser than von Hitzler. Until recently, living within four walls in a convent guarded by another country, a closely watched prisoner, she was a menace to the whole world, as she lives only to serve her country, as this shows. I came across her in Mexico City, later on, at about the time when we got into the World War, where she was busy trying to set Mexico against us, as came out in the Zimmermann note captured by us, and in many other ways. After the war, she had taken up an artistic pursuit, though a prisoner, and recently tried to slip into Germany some little art works, painted with scenes to show the lives of certain famous men, one for each day of the year, but in the backgrounds she would show also the different points of strategy that would interest her country, the products of the place and so forth. I was fortunate to run into this affair, by accident, while on

another mission, and the messenger who had the stuff went floating down the Danube, while the art work was delivered to my own country.

This may sound hard-hearted, but to guard our country it may at times be necessary to take life, and, after all, what is a life here or there compared to the thousands killed in war? It is all for the same end that we, as a country, keep our heads up, and our affairs abroad protected.

By the time I had found out many things about what both Germany and Japan were doing in China, Olga had to go back to Nagasaki. All German secret service information from that part of the world was then being sent back to the Wilhelmstrasse by way of Japan, and it was her job to collect it from all the German agents in the Orient and reforward it. After Olga and I became friendly, much of it was re-routed to Washington, instead of Berlin, but of course Olga did not know this.

This experience, an early assignment from the Service, taught me a good deal, of value later.

I did not go back to Nagasaki with Olga, as this might have aroused suspicions, but as she had asked me to stop and visit her on my way back to America, I decided to go there a few days later. To give von Hitzler and the others no idea that I was anything but a good fellow, I planned my leave-taking, which all of them will remember. I just went on a long, wild tear with English, Germans, Chinese, and Japanese,—anybody and everybody—throwing money about like water. I was the talk of the town, the wild rich American, game for anything, the friend of everybody. I learned a good deal this way, for I never lose my head when drunk, and can always remember all that was said or happened, right up to the moment where I pass out. And only about two or three

times in my life have I passed out, and then only when my work was done, and I didn't care.

As the climax of my farewell to Peking, I hired a Chink at the British Club to see that I got safely to my boat, on which I had engaged and paid for passage. I gave him twenty-five dollars and promised him that much more when I was safe on board. One afternoon, a few days later, my Chink came to me at a bar where I was drinking with several companions. "You know, boat leady, come me." But I wasn't feeling like going just then, so I chased him out of the place, telling him I'd decided to stay right there. In about fifteen minutes he was back, saying: "Plitty girl, lickshaw, you go see?" I opened the door and, sure enough, a rather pretty looking Chinese girl was looking out through the curtains of her rickshaw.

As she smiled at me, I tossed a piece of gold

to the bartender, and got in with her. She was quite a beauty, I found, and I made love to her as fast as I could while we rolled along. I had only about a hundred words of Chinese which was always hard for me, but hands can do a good deal of talking the world over. She seemed much pleased, put her head on my shoulder, and laughed and kissed. All at once the rickshaw stopped. But as I stepped out, my surprise was great for it was not her home, as I had imagined, but the gangway leading on board the steamer.

I was as mad as a bunch of wildcats, but before I could say a word she was ahead of me, running up the gangplank to board the ship. I rushed after her, but lost her among the gangs of coolies and others, and could not find her again. By the time I decided she must have gone back onto the wharf, the ropes had been thrown off, and we were moving out. The

Chink who had engineered all this was standing on the wharf, calling to me to remember the twenty-five dollars I had promised to pay him when I was safe on board. Behind him was the girl, throwing kisses to me. I had to laugh. Just to show I was a good sport I tossed him a twenty dollar piece of American gold.

Olga met me at the boat in Nagasaki, and away we went to her home, which was a separate house, all very nicely fixed up and comfortable. She said she was more in love with me than ever, which I saw no reason to doubt, but I remembered how she had told von Hitzler that she was keeping friendly with me to use me later, which helped me to keep my head. To offset any talk, I went to the little Jap hotel where I had stayed before, and where a man sent by Washington, whom I will call Carter, was staying, and brought me a little girl to be my company and *amant*. Carter while

making his headquarters at the hotel, kept under cover, since he suspected that Olga might know him, as he had been connected with the Service for some time, and done several jobs in that part of the world. Olga would go into a rage because of the little Jap girl, but it was better for both of us, and nearly every night I stayed at her place. Every little move she made was a caress, and seeing in me the possible chance to pull her chestnuts out of the fire, she gave everything to make me her slave. In truth, if I had not been what I was, and loyal to my country as she was to hers, I would have given up all and lived in the sunlight of her smile. Even to-day as I write this I feel the blood flow faster through my body. It is easy to understand how men in such circumstances have even turned traitor to their native land.

Olga was in close touch with an officer in the Jap navy, who was giving her information in

return for her smiles. At her home there was a good deal of gambling, the game always for high stakes, and one night the Jap officer lost everything, right down to his shirt. He was completely cleaned out and deeply in debt. Olga offered to pay everything, all his debts, about fifty thousand yen, if he would get for her the plans and information as to what Japan intended doing in China, the size of their army there, and so forth. As the Jap was ruined anyway, this looked to him like a chance to get out of the fire. In a short time, he had stolen everything of importance in their War Department and delivered it to Olga. It was only a small package, the copies made on thin rice paper, and what originals there were were small.

Having overheard him asking Olga if he could come over that evening to bring something of special importance, I told Carter to

watch the house, and if I could get the package to him to take it down to one of our transports, then laying in the harbor, and have it, no matter what the captains' instructions were, head back to San Francisco, and that without delay.

For two months, I had re-routed most of Olga's papers intended for Germany to Washington. As this could not go on much longer without becoming known, I decided to make my last coup on the Jap navy man's little *billet doux.*

The Jap officer stayed for some time but finally he left, and as he started to leave Olga went downstairs to let him out privately. I slipped into the room where they had been, and saw a package lying on a little table. I picked it up, and tore it open a little to make sure it was what I was after, then went quickly to a front window, made a sign to Carter, and dropped the package out of the window. None

too soon, for as I turned around, Olga was entering the room, her eyes taking in the whole room. With no package in sight, her eyes darted here and there, and finally rested on me with a questioning look. I did nothing, merely walked around, as if thinking of nothing, so I could be between her and the door.

But not for a second did she lose her head, merely saying, "Excuse me, my love, for a moment," and turned toward the door.

I knew why she wanted to leave the room—to start her assistant or servant, several of them in the pay of Germany, after the package, which she knew had disappeared somehow by me. But I was too quick for her and barred the door, saying in a stern voice:

"Come, Olga, it is time for a little talk between you and I. Do not call out for help for then I shall shoot my way clear, and even a woman will not bar my way."

She saw that the game was up and, with half a laugh, said, "Yes, let's talk." And talk we did. She argued with me, and I talked to gain time. An hour later, which I knew was time enough for Carter's get-away, I said good-by.

"Good-by, Jack, this is only a parting and not for long, and you and your damned country will live to remember Olga, and regret what you have done."

It was, as she said, only a parting; for during the rest of my life our paths crossed many times, and you will hear more of her later, especially in Mexico.

I did not go back to Carter's and my hotel that night, and the next day got out of Japan on one of our transports, and arrived safely back in Washington, having brought back my first big success.

CHAPTER IV

MACHINE-GUNS IN NICARAGUA

I LOOKED forward to having a good time and an easy life for a few weeks, but no such luck. The service had more work ahead for me, without delay. In this unknown branch of our Government, there were then only four of us and always plenty to do. I could not do any more work in the Orient, because I was now known, and one of our men out there had disappeared completely, never heard from afterward, while another was in a Siberian prison mine, where he stayed fourteen years, till we finally got him out at a total expense of $1,785,000. This is one of the greatest stories in the service, and I would like to tell it, but it is not my story; the man is still living though

unable to do anything, being crippled and wrecked physically by his terrible experience.

So I was glad they decided not to send me back to the Orient, since there was plenty to do nearer home. I started first of all making a study of Mexico and Central America. Now I was to make use of my knowledge of machine-guns, and have the handling of men in our war-torn Latin-American countries. And to help the side our Government had picked as the best, I took the other side with my machine-gun outfit composed of roughnecks and no-account bastards from the bowels of hell. But their deeds of courage and lawlessness will stand out in the pages that are to follow.

But before I got work down in Nicaragua, which was having a hot revolution then, this being in 1910, I was told to get some practical experience. So I went down to Mexico to get it, where there was also a revolution going on

at this time. On the way there, I stopped off in New Orleans, and at a hotel there I ran into Mr. X, whose right name I will not give, since he is still moving men and guns into Central and South America. That was his business. Knowing machine-guns like a love, he engaged me, and I was soon on my way to Vera Cruz, where I was attached to a machine-gun unit in the army of Madero. This was the sort of a unit often raised in the United States to fight in Central America and Mexico, composed of a fine bunch of roughnecks, who were well paid. I fitted in with them O. K. for, in those days, my neck was as rough as any. The boss of our little group was "Snake" Ferguson, formerly a member of an engineers' regiment in the United States regulars, and I think a graduate of West Point. He was called "Snake" because of what he could do with a deck of cards. He could do anything but make

them sit up and beg, with the result that those he played with were usually doing the begging, sooner or later. He was also a good leader and a fine machine-gun man.

I served under him for three months, learning the ropes, receiving $150 a month and expenses. Then I decided I knew enough to go back to New Orleans, raise my own outfit, and get into the real money. A man with his own outfit could make about five hundred dollars a month and all expenses, with a chance to clean up more than that on the side. Besides, it would be a good thing for the service for me to have my own outfit; in fact, it would be a good thing for everybody, not forgetting Uncle Sam. So I resigned from "Snake" Ferguson's outfit, went back to New Orleans, and collected a bunch of the hardest characters I have ever known. They proved to be good fighters and that was what I needed.

Things were getting hotter and hotter in Nicaragua at this time. The revolution which started on October 11, 1909, was now going full blast. The president, recognized by us, was General José Santos Zelaya, while the rebels were headed by General Juan Estrada and General Emiliano Chamorro. I opened negotiations with the rebel end of the show and got my price, so two weeks later we landed in Matina Bay. This was in July, 1910. I had ten men to start with, and they gave me sixteen guns, most of which were Maxims. I was under an assumed name, of course, but everybody called me Captain Jack, and even if I wasn't a real captain I guess I knew about as much war as any of the generals on either side, or all of them put together. Especially I knew machine-guns. Besides my experience learning the ropes in Mexico, I had watched the guns work in the Philippines, and long be-

fore that, in the old German's shop back in Kentucky, I had learned to take them apart and put them together blindfolded. I took a machine-gun book with me to Matina Bay, and studied it as hard as I had the other books when I decided to become a sanitarian. I had made pretty good as a sanitarian but this job was a lot better suited to me.

The first thing I did was get my little army together, with a bunch of native helpers assigned to me, make them work and put the fear of God in them. Discipline is the first thing, especially down there where it is very scarce. When I spoke I made them all understand they must snap into it. Not even my two lieutenants, even when we were drinking together just as friends, ever called me anything but Captain Jack. As for the other men, with a bunch like that, the only thing was to make them know that hell would break loose if they

didn't jump when I spoke. I left the men themselves to see that the native helpers got their discipline, and after a few natives had got a taste of trouble, one or two of them passing out, we then had discipline from top to bottom.

I had only a few days for training before we got into the fighting but one thing I did was make my gunners take apart their guns and put them together blindfolded. That's a good thing to know when you're often working in the dark, and have to go by feel, if something goes wrong. I would mix the spare parts on a blanket, blindfold a man, and say, "Now, go to it!" I taught United States recruits that trick during the World War, too. Then we practised how to get the range by straddling the target, shooting a burst of ten over, then a burst this side. We also practised that sweeping fire, where you get a column with

some guns going toward the rear, and some toward the front, and converge your fire to wipe it out. But mainly I taught them that whenever I spoke I meant business. Sometimes you had to kill a man quick, either to save your own skin or for the sake of discipline, and I convinced them I was ready and pleased to do it. They were a fine bunch of roughnecks, murderers, deserters, renegades, and plain adventurers.

Most of my men got to like me for I treated them right, letting them go their own wild gait a good deal, as long as I didn't have to speak twice when I gave an order. There was only one disciplined outfit in that bunch of rebels, and I commanded it. I was pretty proud of it, too. With a few squads of decent infantry, I could have cleaned out the whole country. Provided, of course, Uncle Sam wanted it cleaned out, which, of course, he didn't, since our Gov-

ernment was then supporting the rightful president, Zelaya.

While fighting for the rebels as well as for the service, with the service on the side of Zelaya, I, of course, had to mind my P's and Q's.

While I was training my men I was training myself, too. I had a good book, recommended to me by the service, and I learned to do triangulation to control fire, and to use logarithms. It was only later I got a crack British book, where you didn't have to use logarithms. During that training period, which lasted about three days when I should have had two months, my hardest job was to keep my men from getting too much booze and women. They had to have a lot, of course, being of the type they were, but if they got too much, they were likely to disappear, or kill themselves, or somebody else.

My first lieutenant in the bunch was a man

whom I will call, as I always called him, Pinky, a soft-spoken little man with Spanish blood in him, who had been mixed up in machine-gun troubles for a considerable part of his life. Pinky was small in size, too small to get into our armies during the World War, but about the best fighter I ever met. We became real buddies but it was a long time before I learned much about him, though it was obvious to me from the first that he came of a good family for, with all his roughneck tendencies and the dissolute life he had led, he still had a background of culture. Later I learned he was a Princeton graduate, and came from a prominent family in New Jersey. When I last heard of him in May, 1927, he was out in China for the British, probably doing good fighting, though, of course, none of that gets in the newspapers.

Though so quiet and polite, when aroused he was a wonderful fighter, one of those real

wildcat fighters fearing neither man nor devil. He seemed to get into a kind of frenzy, where he was not afraid. I was always afraid under fire, I admit it frankly, though I pretended not to be, but Pinky never seemed to be. Usually he was gentle and shy when not aroused.

Maybe a little incident about him will tell what he was like as a fighter.

Sitting one night in a café with him and an odd collection of individuals none of whom we knew personally, a big, raw-boned fellow began to rag him. Pinky being about five feet three, and weighing about 120 pounds, it did not seem fair. He responded with an even temper, always in a quiet voice, keeping himself well in hand, even though the big fellow got more and more insulting. When I thought the argument had gone far enough, I pushed Pinky aside and said, "Here, let me get into

this," thinking Pinky was too undersized to make the argument even. But he said, "Just keep your seat, Captain Jack, I'm perfectly able to take care of myself."

It seemed Pinky was being imposed upon beyond reason, but his tone and manner convinced me I ought to step aside, so I did so, feeling that something interesting was about to happen. As the big fellow finally ripped out an oath that no man could let go unchallenged, little Pinky came out of his chair with a bound, and lit into him with perfect fury, fairly smothering him with blows. He put over a couple of good ones to the jaw, and had the bully ducking. Soon the big man was thoroughly beaten, but, like so many small chaps, when once aroused Pinky was a whirlwind, and not satisfied with pounding the man's face almost to a pulp actually knocked him down and got astride him. Not until the big fellow

was half killed and actually howling for mercy did he let up.

Another good man I had with me, entirely different from Pinky, was Turner, an Austrian-American, from Bozeman, Montana. He was an excellent disciplinarian and a perfect subordinate. He was the army sergeant type and knew more about machine-guns than any man I ever met. He knew them from every angle, their possibilities most of all. The service, on looking him up, found out that he had served five years in the French Foreign Legion and had a decoration for holding an oasis in the Sahara, during some hard battle down there. When I ran across him in New Orleans, he was just coming back from some Central American job of some sort, with his pockets lined with gold. He had evidently just been paid off, and I had a hell of a time persuading him to join me, for he was headed for

New York and a big time. He was all for going to the big city to spend his money and rest up from his strenuous efforts.

I will also tell an incident about him, which happened in Nicaragua, soon after we got started. It was in a dance hall, in a small town to which I had come for a little recreation, since there wasn't much fighting going on just then, and I had probably shipped a little too much liquor. I was feeling pretty good, and having a rather nice time dancing with all the girls, when along about midnight Turner came up to me. I hadn't noticed he was there before; he must have followed me in, perhaps thinking I needed watching. He cautioned me about dancing too much with a certain senorita. "Her man has got his eye on you, he has lots of friends, and you may be heading for a bunch of trouble."

I laughed it off. "Hell, I'm a good man with

a gun tied to each leg." And even though he was insistent that I ought to be a little cautious, I continued to dance with the girl, quite a beauty, and continued to drink a peculiar high-powered concoction they were serving. Turner took a seat at a table on the side-lines, some distance from the bar, and just a couple of tables from the Spick whose girl I was paying a lot of attention to. After dancing three or four times running with her, I drew up to the bar to restock when, just as I was pouring a drink from the bottle, I suddenly heard Turner shout, "Look out, Captain!"

I duck and turned just in time to see the Spick reach back of his neck for his knife. They carry them there so they can bring them out and stab with one motion. He hesitated a moment, which just gave me time to swing the bottle which I had in my right hand. I threw it square at him and, as he crouched ready to leap

with his knife, the bottle hit him a glancing blow over the right eye, and he went down like a log. I was on top of him in one jump, and taking his knife I tried to work him back to consciousness by means of delicate little stiletto pricks just above the jugular vein. He came to with prayers to a dozen saints on his lips that his life be spared. "Oh, gracious Captain, take the girl—she is yours—she is pretty, too,—take her, and be happy—but, for the love of the Virgin Mary, spare my life!"

Turner had rallied around me in the meantime, and managed to keep the other Spicks from rushing me. He advised caution more than ever, and soon made me realize that we were probably in for a pretty interesting time before we could get safely out of the village.

So I took the floored Spick and gave him a good boot out of the door, then Turner and I slipped out of the back door, making sure we

were the first to leave, and began a careful retreat, each with a gun in each hand, which we were afraid to fire for fear of bringing a rain of stilettoes and answering shots. By making sure what was around each corner, we reached the edge of the town, and made a break for it. Turner and I became very good friends after this, but, he never would talk much nor show any feelings.

I had another good man in my outfit, Henderson, a bank clerk from St. Louis. He had left suddenly with some of the bank's funds and hopped into Mexico. After roaming around Mexico and South America, mixing up in various renegade machine-gun and other affairs, he finally blew into New Orleans and was on his uppers when I arrived with my Nicaragua proposition. He gladly took $150 a month, a good deal in those days, with enough in advance to keep him in booze till we were

on our way. He was a queer fellow. Since he had worked in a bank, I once suggested to him he become paymaster and also take charge of our commissary, the accounts, cash, and so forth, but he refused, saying, "When I get to handling money, I go off my head, and I don't want you killing me for the little I could steal down here." I tried to jolly him out of it, but he never would handle the outfit's cash, and maybe he was right.

Henderson was stockily built, with a remarkable protruding lower lip that gave a peculiar sullen cast to his features. Deep set eyes with bushy eyebrows, and a nervous, jerky manner of always standing on one foot or the other, constantly changing. He walked shambling even when sober, a little like a bear. Although he was one of the most homely and repulsive men I have ever met, he supposed that girls were forever falling in love with him,

and when he found that one had not, he was immediately wanting to start something, thinking that he had been double-crossed.

Soon after we landed in Nicaragua, a girl failed to keep faithful to him as he thought she should, so taking a lot of artificial courage in liquid form, and thus tuned up for any devilment, he went in search of her. It seems he was paying her father well for her, and she should, of course, have kept faithful to him, but she deceived him with a Spick. Henderson found her in a café, drinking with friends and, with the aid of a companion, Morton, another of my roughnecks, in much the same state of liquid fierceness, he grabbed her. Drawing a gun, he made her friends get to the other end of the café, and while Morton held them at bay. Henderson stripped all the clothes off the girl, tied ropes around each of her wrists, and strung her to two nails in the wall, so that her toes

just touched the floor. Then he spread-eagled her and directed a stream of the most insulting remarks at her and her friends.

This caused a considerable excitement, and a *muchacho* came running up to me on the street, telling me one of my men was killing a woman. "Oh, Capitan, one of your men is killing a woman!" Hurrying to the café where the girl was now spread-eagled against the wall and almost unconscious, I saw at a glance what a bad effect this would have on our relations with the Government, and as I did not like the disgraceful attitude that Henderson had adopted, nor his methods of taking revenge, I decided to make him an object lesson to all my men. I said, looking at Henderson who was standing near the girl, "Who in hell did this?" and I saw his hand go to his belt. I drew down on him with my .38 and floored him with a bullet in the leg. As he fell, he got his gun out, and I

jumped for him, kicking him in the gun arm and breaking his wrist. I turned to Morton, who still had two guns in his hands, but they were hanging by his sides. "Do you want it, too? Cut this girl down from the wall!" Morton and friends of the girl quickly lowered her. She was by this time unconscious. The other Spicks made many threatening gestures and predictions as to what would happen to all of us gringoes. I decided to sit tight till the girl came to her senses and her native sweetheart arrived on the scene. Then I said: "If the girl isn't faithful to the man who has paid her father for her, it's her affair, not ours." That practically ended the incident, as far as they were concerned, and we heard nothing of it officially.

We took Henderson to our quarters and turned him over to a native nurse, I explaining to him I sincerely hoped she would succeed in

letting him die. All this had a very good effect on my men, and on Henderson, too. Three months later, when he had fully recovered from the wounds, he came to me, and swore allegiance, and from that time on he was about the most loyal man in the command. He would do anything. Unfortunately, I lost him soon after that, both he and Morton in fact, but Henderson in the more peculiar way. He was shot through the middle of the forehead but, strangely, lived for some minutes afterward. I noticed in one rather hot little fight, that his gun was not going. He was leaning back on his hands. I went up to him, gave him a kick, and commanded him, "You——, keep that gun going there!" I had sixteen guns at this time, and I had to keep eight of them going all the time to keep holes closed in our front. But Henderson looked up at me with that little hole right in the middle of his forehead, and

said, "They got me, Captain," and toppled over dead. That's one kick I never will cease to regret.

I found in his pocket a letter signed "Mother," and I wrote her the sad news. It is best that I forget his real name, he fought and died Henderson to all of us.

There were other interesting men in our outfit, especially Morton and Lytel, but Pinky and Turner and Henderson were the most interesting, so perhaps I had better go on with the war.

The old revolution had got a pretty good start by the time we arrived, so we didn't have much time for training, just a few days, and then plunged in. My first idea of the army to which I was attached was a disreputable peon conglomeration, with many different kinds of rifles and even shot-guns. But at that they had been making things pretty hot for the federals

supporting President Zelaya, and we understood the federals weren't even as good as the rebels we were with.

The first few days were practically guerilla warfare, and we were giving ground to the federals right along. Then the rebel commanders, Estrada and Chamorro, suddenly received a large sum of money from an unknown source, and we were able to equip pretty thoroughly within a week or two. Thousands of the poorer classes were attracted by the promise of high pay, and before long we were well enough organized to work up a good attack on the federal troops, who were discontented over not receiving their pay regularly. Without much loss of life or blood-shed, we managed to seize a good many stores, rifles, lots of ammunition, and we also induced about four thousand of the regular troops to come over to our side.

It is hard to keep track of which side the

troops are fighting on in these Latin-American wars.

After this, the following days were given over almost entirely to pleasure seeking, and the campaign was thought to be practically over, with victory for us rebels. But it was not down on the cards for Zelaya, supported by the United States Government, to be beaten. It will be seen later that, while we were celebrating and thinking the war was practically won, we still had troubles enough ahead. Zelaya, also, was soon to receive money for his troops, which lasted after the rebel funds were mostly spent.

During this time, the renegade Americans attached to me, most of them with good reasons for being out of the States, took considerable handling, what with money in their pockets and a total disregard for law and order. They thought only of getting rid of the money that

had come to them so easily, and of getting rid of it fast. One of them, Williamson,—though most of them, of course, were under assumed names, except Pinky and Turner,—was a specially bad actor. He decided to stir up a little private war of his own and, in a drunken and maudlin state, revolvers and small arms not being effective enough, he annexed one of the ancient historical cannon of the town. It was an old Spanish cannon, a muzzle-loader, probably not used since the year one.

With the aid of a few comrades, equally soused, he pulled the cannon a good distance to the front of his sweetheart's home, and there unlimbered and prepared for action. He was an old devil, with a white moustache, the oldest man in the outfit, old enough to know better but full of the very old Nick. Loaded with nails, old spikes, and such, with a terrific charge of powder, the first shot from the can-

non took away about half the house. The native police, attracted by the racket, swung into action, but it took only a little persuasion, consisting of sticking the leg of one of them, to make them suddenly lose interest, and leave the field to old Williamson, girl, cannon, and all.

He got the girl.

Next morning, however, the commanding general took official note of the incident by summoning me before him, after which he made a few well chosen remarks, and requested that Williamson be turned over to him for punishment. Naturally, I refused outright to do this.

While we were staying here, in the little town of Matagalpa, I decided to pass through the lines into the town of Cardina, not far away, then held by the federals, and see what information I could pick up. Things were also

getting rather dull in Matagalpa, while in Cardina I understood the federals had many more opportunities for amusement. It was not hard to cross from one side to the other, for in such wars spies are always passing back and forth, and each side always seems to know what the other is doing, though I don't know that it was much worse than in the World War, at that.

So I breezed into Cardina and, after I had found out what I wanted, I could not resist the temptation to play a little, so, with a rather pretty girl on my arm, I strolled into "The Plaza," the largest *cantina* in town, to hear a little music and see the bright lights. The table next to us was occupied by several young bloods, all dolled up in the gold braided uniforms of the federal Army. Their line of chatter was harmless enough, about wine, women, and cards, and touching now and then on the

rebel army which, of course, they hated, and everything connected with it. But it was mostly just brainless chatter until one of them, flushed with too much wine, started in to cuss the gringoes. I was, of course, in plain American clothes, without any rebel insignia about me.

The young general must have heard me tell the girl I was with I was an American, which made his cussing worse. But I kept still, though I got very little amusement out of it, and then he started in to talk in a slighting manner of the girl who was with me, when I pushed my table to one side, got up as he got up also, and knocked him under his table. It was only a few minutes till waiters and policemen arrived, and I was the center of a whirling mass, only to come out of it with legs and arms tied with many yards of rope. I had laid out quite a few waiters, policemen, generals, and such before they got me tied, which made it all

the worse for me. Turner had begged to come along with me, and I certainly wished then I had let him. The two of us might have made a getaway.

Their jails are not pretty things, and I soon found myself in a corner of a foul smelling room, being told I had landed on the nephew of the president. He was the one I had knocked under the table, thus starting all the trouble. Why in hell had I picked him? Someone else would have done just as well. He was unconscious, pretty bad from the one good swat I got on his chin, or maybe from having hit his head as he fell. I could picture the blank wall and a firing squad, all poor shots but sure to get a man given plenty of time. I, of course, had no papers and they would just quietly put me out of the way unless a miracle happened. It was a good thing they did not know about me being the head of the machine-guns of the

rebel army, or even a miracle wouldn't have saved me.

But I figured I had about twenty-four hours, and I had no intention to sit there and wait to be blindfolded. The American consul might help me. We hear great things about Yankee consuls. They would not take any message to the consul from me, of course, but down there a little piece of gold goes a long way. They had taken all my money, and everything else, of course, but I always keep a little reserve supply of gold in a special belt made to fit under one of my sock garters. That is a good trick, no one ever thinks of looking there, although the first thing they look for is a money belt, the ordinary kind, worn around the waist next the skin. So, slipping a piece of gold to my guard, and promising him another of the same if he made good, I got a message to the consul. About noon, he came to see me, and I

explained to him the case just as it happened, and asked if there was anything he could do. Oh, yes, there was something he could do. Write to the State Department in Washington and ask them to help me. That would take about two weeks, and I wouldn't be there to get the reply, whatever it might be. I asked him if he couldn't appeal to President Zelaya, or somebody like that, but he said nothing doing. The American Government was strong with Zelaya at this time, too.

The consul made me pretty mad. I didn't tell him I was connected with the State Department myself, for we are not supposed to do that except as a last resort, and I could see he wouldn't believe me even if I told him. I asked him at least to leave me a gun and give me a sporting chance to fight my way out, but that idea horrified him, so I bid him good-by, as I needed time to clean my soul of sin before

the next morning, and he didn't make me feel any less sinful. He was certainly a washout.

I could see the wall getting closer, I could see those bum shots blazing away until finally the man in command of the squad had to come up to me with his revolver. But with about eighteen hours still before me, why not ask for the British consul. The British have a way of getting things done, whether it's in China or Central America. Good idea. So slipping another piece of gold to my guard, I got a message to the British consul.

And here he was, in just a few minutes, a cheery face of old England, eye-glass and all. "I say, old chap, deuced hell of a hole, you know."

It was good just to look at him. I started in again and explained my troubles, stating that I came from London, was a loyal British subject, and would he help me. I tried to talk

as cockney as I could, and I'd learned a good deal of it while associating with the British out in China, being always pretty good at languages. He nodded and patted me on the shoulder saying:

"Beastly shame to treat a loyal British subject like this, old chap. I'll teach their blawsted little country to keep their hands off Britishers. I'll have you out in half an hour, or I'll shell their damned town."

Sure enough, in less than half an hour I was in his office, with a whiskey and soda in front of me. Then he said:

"You know it's all bally rot, old chap, about London. You never were closer to the old town than New York."

Well, you have to hand it to the jolly old British. We spent a pleasant time together, and I told him my story, as much of it as I could. Late at night I slipped out of Cardina,

and daylight found me safe again, with my roughnecks around me. This incident, I believe although I am not certain, was the reason that only last year I got a peculiar offer to fight for the British in India, as I will relate later.

CHAPTER V

BARGAIN COUNTER WARFARE

Soon we began to get a little action again, which was fortunate for my command, for I found the whole outfit had been on a grand souse all the time I was away, and had got themselves thoroughly disliked by civilians as well as by the rebel authorities for whom we were fighting. Federal troops made a surprise attack on us, two days after I got back, and our army was disorganized and completely routed. We started to fall back, in pretty bad order, and I received orders to use my own judgment, but for God's sake to hold back the federal army long enough for the rebels to get

away. This made it hard for me because, of course, it was down on the cards for the rebels to be beaten, but I had to at least make a show of fighting for them. I could not have done much, anyway, for the morale of our army was badly shattered. The native soldiers helping us had to be watched and persuaded they weren't really with a defeated army, merely one on the retreat. Nothing is so unpopular down there as a defeated army. Everybody wants to be with the winners, and the troops just melt away to the other side. A defeated general is likely to wake up some morning and find that his whole outfit has gone over to the enemy during the night.

After we had been fighting and retreating for two days, our army cut up and most of the soldiers either tired out or deserting, and with the federal army always on top of us, the end seemed not far away. My little outfit of ma-

chine-gunners had suffered during the retreat, losing eight guns and several men, and the rest were nearly dead for want of sleep. As we retreated down a valley about ten o'clock in the morning, General Chamorro sent for me to come and ride by his side.

"Captain Jack, it is possible that you can help us with your advice."

"Yes, General, it is a question of hours before you are finished. Your soldiers are sick of the whole show, and if told to face the enemy would fade in all directions."

Then an idea formed in my mind. Why not fill our pockets, if the show was going busted anyway? The valley was not too wide, and I could sweep it with my guns at least until night, and then make our getaway if our army had dispersed.

"Flatly, General, I don't like it, but I think I can make a stand here, and it will give you

a chance to reorganize your army at the end of the valley. Now, pay me five thousand pesos in gold, and your note that you will pay a like amount for each and every hour I hold the pass."

As they will promise you a free ticket to paradise, I was only sure of five thousand, which he paid to me at once. I carried the canvas sacks back to my outfit and put them in one of the ammunition cases on mules where we carried our funds, telling Turner to look after the mule with that ammunition case, while Pinky and I planned our stand.

I have never seen an army fade so quickly as ours did that morning, leaving me with my tired but still fighting renegades. No time to lose. With my glasses I picked out what looked like a good place to make a stand. My guess was right. It was a beauty. If I had had it made to order, it could not have been better, com-

manding the entire valley, a sunken road to our rear, to get away by, with no chance for them to flank us or get behind us without hours of hard riding. I remembered the sunken road in the battle of Waterloo, but ours was different and a thousand times better.

There was no time to get fire data, so necessary to a surprise, but as each man knew his gun better than most men know their loves, I gave the order to fire the first round only when their advance was well down the valley. They quickly retreated, leaving quite a few dead, only to return in larger force, intending, no doubt, to charge us off the map. But it was not just a few Spicks with one gun and not too much courage that they had to deal with. I opened up the entire line, eight guns, with spurts of ten, and again they retreated, I continuing to fire one gun after them to keep them moving. Our guns had done something else be-

sides making a noise; with the aid of my glasses I counted twenty-three good Spicks.

The whole day passed with the federals trying to draw us out. Late in the afternoon they started to shell us with a three-inch gun, with no doubt a Spick gunner doing it. The shooting looked like that. But, as I could not take even a chance of losing a gun, we picked their position, and heard no more from that quarter. It was pleasant work, and did my tired nerves good to know that a handful of men was holding a whole army at bay. Just as soon as night fell they would have us, or at least our position, as I intended to move on and, if our army had dissolved, to hit for the border and disband. But why not give them a good licking, or at least a surprise? So riding down the valley I picked a point about a mile further down, then I got together with Pinky and Turner and outlined the wildest plan which, if the moon

was not covered, might work. I would stay at the place where we then were with one gun, and they would take the rest and install at the point I had picked out, keeping silence till the main column was well within range down in the valley.

As darkness fell, my little outfit with seven guns departed by the sunken road, leaving Henderson and me with one gun, and our horses saddled and ready in the sunken road. In an hour we could hear them come, and luckily the moon broke through giving good light as they came. I have never seen a gun do more. It was white with heat, but still spitting bullets, when I hammered it with a big rock, bending the soft barrel down like a piece of hose, stilling its life forever.

We jumped for our horses and soon were lost in the shadows. In a few minutes, our other position started firing. As we rode up to them,

what a pretty sight it was. The enemy had tried to slip their main column down the valley under cover of that charge made on our poor little gun. Pinky had caught this column and, with a sweeping fire, made a riot out of the entire army, who, no doubt, thought they were ambushed by our whole army.

Now to collect, if the general was not still riding hard to lose himself somewhere in the mountains. Leaving Pinky with half of the men to hold the pass, I started out to collect, the hardest job of all. About fifteen miles away, I ran into the rear guard, who informed me that headquarters was in a town a couple of miles further on. When I reported to the general, I thought he was going to kiss me, he was so pleased with my report. No doubt in his mind he was stamping or printing his face on the national currency. But when I asked him to kick in with the money, how he squirmed!

"But, Captain, my soldiers have had no pay for two months."

"Look here, General, I have been the only stick you could lean on for several weeks, and now you want to break that. My money, or I leave and, General, your damned army is not large enough to stop me." The most he had was twenty thousand pesos, and I got that by telling him how to get more out of the town.

I had heard of the trick in Mexico, and later I saw Villa do it at Chihuahua, easy. I explained it to him in detail. "Just write to the business men and bankers to give you a banquet, and along toward the end of the meal, when they ask you for a speech, give it to them. 'Gentlemen,' you say, 'we are the military dictators to-day. My men need to be paid, clothed, and fed to be able to protect you. You have until to-morrow at noon to deliver to me a hundred thousand pesos. If it is not here at that

time, I shall be compelled, even though I dislike it, to introduce you to our rather large firing squad.'"

It worked in Nicaragua with great success. Villa asked for a million pesos at Chihuahua, and got it. General Chamorro made exactly the same speech, which I taught him, and everybody knew he meant what he said. A hundred thousand pesos was not much, but it helped.

Now we settled down to a life that is pleasing to soldiers when they have money in their pockets and there are plenty of *cantinas* and pretty women. I closed my eyes for several days and allowed my roughnecks to have their fling. All I insisted on was that half of them be sober at all times. For several days, we knew, the federals would not get up the nerve to attack us. So everybody had a good time. My outfit had the best billets in town, as usual. I had to keep half of my men sober at all times

for fear some other rebel outfit might attack us, and take away our billets.

Of course, no rations are even issued to these rebel armies, so they are forced to forage for their eats. And practically every soldier has his woman trailing along behind the army organization he belongs to. When they make camp, the men sit before the fire, and smoke a cigarette, and wait for the women to come up and scare up a meal. Each woman goes out after it, finds something or other, and brings it in and cooks it for her man.

Since I allowed my men to take no women with them, it was absolutely necessary for us to find a good place to live, and even more essential to find a house where the supply of food was good and plentiful. We paid a fair price for our food, if we were treated right, which was more than most of the other high class outfits did, and the common soldiers never

paid when they could help it; often, of course, they could pay nothing having no money. On approaching a town, I always sent Pinky ahead to find good billets for the men, and he could be depended on to find the best place in town. Otherwise we might find ourselves sleeping in a stable, since about every third man in these Spick armies is a general and must have a swank place to live.

Pinky would take a man or two, and generally he would beat the swarm of generals, and have the best place in town all lined up for us. He considered everything, comfort, convenience, the number of good servants, the way we could defend our place, not only against the federals but against our own rebels, too, if they got unreasonable. Then he would send a man back to notify me where he had settled, and we would go direct to the house on arrival, usually beating the generals by several jumps.

Even if the generals got ahead, Pinky could be relied on to hold the fort till myself and the rest of the outfit arrived. Once we were installed, there was no ousting us, even if the General Staff had to take a poor place. On such occasions, the staff invariably called on me to give up our place, but I made it a practice to ignore the demand, since we were invaluable to the army, and not under army discipline as were the enlisted soldiers. They were also a little shy of our machine-guns, which we always posted around where they would do the most good in case of trouble.

All of this goes for the Mexican campaigns, about which I shall tell later, as well as for the campaign in Nicaragua.

I might also explain here that we worked on a sliding scale of prices, $150 a month, in advance, for the men, and $300 to $500 for the officers, with extra pay for extra effort. Often

it was worth a thousand gold pesos to hold off the pursuing army for half an hour during a retreat. Sometimes I had to bargain with the commander of the retreating army. He might offer two thousand pesos for holding them back an hour, to give him a chance to pull out and reorganize his resistance, or much more for a longer time. It was seldom that I was ever able to collect as much as the twenty-five thousand pesos I got for holding back the federal army in the retreat I described a few pages back; but on one occasion, in Mexico, I was able to collect five thousand pesos for keeping the enemy checked two hours and, as it happened at that particular time, my men didn't have to fire a shot. I will not say I did not know how easy it was going to be when I collected the five thousand, but knowledge is worth money and it is always possible to make mistakes. The pay was in advance, as always, and my men

would have been glad to stay, even if they had not known we would have nothing to do but sit through the specified time, smoke cigarettes and swap stories.

We had a good time in the town where we stopped, after messing up the federals as related before, but after about a week the federals came up and began to bother us. I think the name of the town was Granada, after the famous town in Spain, but I am not sure. These Spick and Mexican towns are so much alike, and I have seen so many of them, that it is hard to remember. Soon we began to be attacked unmercifully by the federal machine-guns. Our artillery was no good, could not stop them. We hated to get out of the town, where living was good, to fight them in the hills round about where they were posted. Of course they wanted to get into the town, and let us have a spell of life in the open.

They had, I learned, an American in charge of their machine-guns, and he was pretty good. His name was Simms, which, I learned afterward, was his real name. There was one of his nests that bothered us especially, so one evening Rosy came to me and asked how about going out and routing the son of a gun. He had tried to locate the fire with his own guns, but had been unsuccessful. Because it was important to get rid of that nest, I consented to let him try.

He and another man, a Spick interpreter, set out after dark, circling our outposts, not letting anybody on our side, except myself, know they were leaving. At that time, no one knew what information was passing between the two armies. We only knew that everything that happened was being reported to us as well as to the other side. For that reason I decided not to let anybody know anything about our little

raiding party. It wasn't difficult to go through the lines, with the communications both outfits were able to maintain.

Slipping inside the federal lines, the Spick interpreter who went with Rosy asked where he could find his outfit, pretending he was from a federal regiment. Rosy keeping out of sight. They found the nest, and quietly put out of commission the two drunken Spicks left to guard it. Then they located it so we could see it from our side by firing several short bursts. Machine-guns can be located at night in this way, so concealed nests, like this one, are not fired then, or, if so, through wet gunny sacks to conceal the flame. Then they put the guns out of commission with gravel, and returned safely through the sentries of both sides, even though all the sentries were, of course, now awake and looking for trouble.

But still the federal machine-guns kept fir-

ing at us, spoiling our otherwise happy existence. It didn't make me feel any too friendly toward Simms, even if he was firing under orders. He certainly knew I and my outfit were there, just as I knew he and his renegades were on the other side, and he didn't need to pick the place where we were billeted. One afternoon about this time a native came to my room in the handsome Spanish house where I was staying and handed me a note which, to my surprise on opening it, was written in good English. It read, "Captain Jack, your old friend is captured and in your jail. The bearer of this note will show you where. Can you help me, Simms?" This, of course, was the name of the American in charge of the federal machine-guns. He was no particular friend of mine, I had never met him, only had to dodge his bullets. Besides, personally, I never did care much for the man who sells himself to the sure thing.

I always liked to take a chance with the under dog, make big money, and try to make the grade.

We were both Americans, of course, and I thought I ought to try to do something for him. I found him in a dirty local prison converted into a guard-house. He gave me a story that sounded fishy, about how our men had made an insertion into their lines, and taken him by surprise at his headquarters while his men were away. I then went to our own headquarters, and found that he had been captured within our lines, while wearing a native costume.

It looked pretty bad, of course, and I was given to understand that I could not save him. The following morning he was to be taken care of according to the fashion then in vogue, which consisted of a blank wall and a squad of poor shots.

I went back to the guard-house and ex-

plained to Simms that unless I brought my machine-gun squad to the prison I could see no way of getting him out, and proceeded to take a pretty thorough cursing as one American refusing to stand by another. But, I figured, why sacrifice my own men, Americans, too, for the sake of one? I explained this thoroughly to him but when a man is looking for the sunrise and a blank wall, instead of over the sights of a machine-gun with its dangers but some chance of getting away when the sun comes up, it is quite different. He could not be convinced.

I decided, however, I would do all I could to save him, perhaps getting him out of his prison, after which he could take his chances. Money means a lot to natives, they will do almost anything for it, so I figured the best way to start things moving was to slip Simms a little capital upon which he could work. So I slipped him a hundred pesos. Then, with Pinky, I con-

ceived a plan to have the dancers at a nearby *cantina* furnish the guard going on at midnight with plenty of liquor, plenty both before and after they went on. Then I went to see Simms again, gave him two guns, and told him where he could find a horse at three o'clock in the morning. I thought myself I was treating him pretty white.

He was able to get away, and I knew pretty well he was back on the job from the way the federal machine-guns acted when we went again into action. For the next ten days he pounded hell out of us, but he never sent back the hundred pesos, and I never saw him again till 1917 when both of us were attached to the British machine-guns during the World War. Even then he didn't thank me for what I had done for him, and the matter of the hundred pesos seemed to have entirely escaped his memory.

After Simms had kept hammering us for about ten days or two weeks, I determined to spoil his little game, so with Pinky, Turner, and Lydel, another of my best men, we slipped into the federal lines dressed as natives. Coming up toward the other lines, we easily found where the federal machine-guns were placed. Simms must have had at least fifty renegades hanging around his position. We waited till well into the night, when all the officers had gone to bed, leaving only one man to guard each gun. Then we crept upon them. There were but four of us, and I believe he had sixteen guns, with renegades and natives sleeping all around, but it was no time to turn back. We scattered to cover the line of guns, which might have been two or three hundred yards long.

I walked up and started to talk with one of the gunners, and dropped him without a sound

with a right to the point of the chin. But Pinky had hard luck as the chap he walked up to knew him, being a man who had once served with the same outfit as Pinky, so there was nothing to do but shoot him. This started hell popping right away. The machine-guns being placed some distance apart, as usual, it was now every man for himself, every man to try and spoil as many guns as possible. I had divided my men so that we each had four guns to look after, and with rifles and revolvers beginning to pop, I went after the other three. I have often wondered why none of us was hit, but before we had to run for it we had accounted for eleven guns, and drunken gunners were pouring out of a nearby *cantina* wondering what had happened. Maybe Simms thought I took that hundred pesos out in trade that night.

We didn't have so much trouble with Simms

and his gunners after this, but about a month later reverses again came our way, and we began another retreat. The federals were now getting plenty of money and supplies, while our side was losing strength daily. Of course I always made sure that my outfit got its pay in advance, but the rebel money was running low, which meant the rebel morale was in about the same state. This, of course, was what the American Government wanted, but it made things pretty hard for me.

The rebels used my machine-guns to protect their rear, offering extra sums in gold if we would protect them at particularly difficult times. I was pretty sure the show was really going busted this time, and glad to collect all the funds possible. I split the extra sums of money with the men so everybody was satisfied, though the work was hard and dangerous, and we lost several gunners and a gun or two,

as well as quite a few native helpers. I would pick favorable spots along the line of retreat, get the advancing federals in a pocket, mess up their line, and collect a few thousand pesos for my efforts.

Late one afternoon I thought I had found a fine spot. There was a beautiful road through a valley, and I placed my machine-guns to one side, so that we could sweep the whole place. I guaranteed to hold the federals there for at least half a day, and collected, in advance, two thousand pesos, with more to come if I messed up the pursuing army so that it wouldn't bother us for a day or two. If only the federals had the nerve to keep to the main road, I thought I could guarantee a fine battle. Any army that tried to march down there would find themselves in a hot place but I had belted the federal army so hard and often that I was afraid they would send only a squad of skir-

mishers ahead, and start to flank me out as soon as I fired my first bursts.

They appeared early in the morning, marching in close columns, keeping to the main road. It was almost too good to be true. Instructing my men to lay low and hold their fire till I gave the word, I rode forward with Rosy to have a look through my glasses. Something was odd, the way they marched or something. I asked Pinky to look carefully through his glasses, and he agreed they didn't look like Spick troops. Then what the devil could they be?

Another five minutes and I knew. American marines, sure as hell! The war was over, as far as I was concerned. Whatever they were doing there, it was no place for us. When the marines appear, all wise men move.

I called my men together, told them peace was declared, and that we were going to de-

mobilize right then and there. We broke open the ammunition cases, in which I carried the gold money of the outfit, and divided the cash. From now on, it was every man for himself, and God pity the one caught by either side. We wrecked our guns and scattered, some making for the nearest frontier towns; Turner did this since he said he had friends he would like to visit. Pinky and I started for the coast, the Pacific side, in the other direction from the advancing federals and their friends, the American marines. We did some riding, as I had no intention of being caught and treated in the popular manner of disposing of captured rebels. We arrived on the coast, the opposite one to where we had landed, coming out just south of Corinto. After prospecting along the coast for several days, we found an American cruiser, and were taken aboard as refugees from the mines, run out by the wicked rebels.

Uncle Sam is not any too friendly to Americans who are fighting down there, especially when fighting with rebel forces. We lived in state for several weeks, due to the belief aboard that we were brave mining engineers, robbed and glad to escape with our lives. Then the cruiser left for San Francisco, since the rebellion was now over, where Pinky and I arrived with a tidy little bag of gold apiece.

As I came ashore from the cruiser I was met on the dock by a representative of the consular service, who told me I was wanted in Washington at once. The service had found out where I was even though, of course, I had not been able to file any reports since disbanding my outfit. So I left Pinky in 'Frisco to celebrate and went on to Washington, hoping that I was not in hot water for anything I had or had not done.

CHAPTER VI

WITH VILLA IN MEXICO

THE department proved to be satisfied with me and, in fact, congratulated me for my good work in Nicaragua, and told me to take a vacation with pay. My next job was to be in Mexico, and I was probably due for a hot time. I spent a lively vacation in New York and Washington, for I had brought a good stake out of Nicaragua, the rebels being very liberal, as I have related. In fact they called themselves liberals, which may be significant, although, of course, I helped them to be liberal where I and my outfit were concerned. Soon, however, I was broke again. It was, with me, as with many American officers during the World War; they didn't know whether they would be

alive very long to spend their money, so spent it when they had the chance. During this time the service had me study up on Mexico, about the history, the terrain, the people, everything, in fact, so that I would know how to find my way about when I got down there. Of course I already knew Spanish, as well as a good deal of the kind of Spanish spoken south of the Rio Grande, which was a great help to me. It was during this time I heard my father had been killed, put out of the way, as men in the service often are, but I will say no more about that here.

Down in Mexico, in 1913, things got pretty bad, with Huerta, plotting against Madero, beginning a reign of terror. On February 22, Madero was murdered while being conveyed from the National Palace to prison. Very little is known about this affair, but practically the whole world blames Huerta for placing this

bloody mark on the history of Mexico. Every day men were executed, and no one knew when his turn was coming.

Carranza, governor of Coahuila from 1900 to 1902, had served under old Diaz as substitute senator from Coahuila. After the fall of Diaz, he returned to Coahuila to complete his term as governor. When Huerta made his coup d'état, doing away with Madero, Carranza gathered around him several high ranking officials and refused to recognize Huerta. Carranza drew up a new political platform on March 26, 1913, under the name of "The Plan of Guadelupe." General Obregon, General Benjamin Hill, and several other important generals, joined his party. In Chihuahua, Villa was in open revolt, aided by General Felipe Angeles. Angeles was a real military man, one of the few in Mexico, and he and Villa were driving the federal troops before them.

As Villa, aided by the military genius of Angeles, won early battles at Casas Grandes and San Andres, he was recognized as the military leader of the opposition to Huerta, while Carranza was the political leader. Of course they did not pull together very long, for both were hard men to get along with. Carranza was as stiff-necked as President Wilson, while Villa of course always thought he was the whole show.

Our State Department would not recognize the Huerta Government, preferring Carranza even though he was stiff-necked and later turned against us, and would have had to go, probably, even if he had not been killed. We sent John Lind down there in August, 1913, but he failed in his mission, and we notified all Americans living in Mexico to get out.

We studied each and every move made in Mexico and decided that, to start with, Huerta

must go. How he was to go was the work of our department. As Pascal Orozco was supporting the Huerta Government in the North with a strong army of about ten thousand men, we thought it best that I go with him as a free lance, and try to make him lose out, or desert from Huerta and go over to the rebel side under Villa. Villa was then in the North fighting the federals, but it was doubtful whether he could beat Orozco; in fact, it looked as if Orozco might beat him. Orozco was a bandit, like Villa, but he did not know the meaning of defeat, thinking himself, like Villa, about the greatest general that ever lived. It would be hard to make him go over to Villa, for he hated Villa as much as the latter hated him, so it seemed best to me to try to make him go south and desert to Carranza, offering him good terms if he would do so. Otherwise, put him out of business.

This was not a pleasant job for me, but the department decided it was the thing to do. I raised an army of about thirty roughnecks in New Orleans, including Pinky and Turner. Of course we had plenty of the best arms and ammunition and stores, which we got together, so that the whole outfit could slip over the border as soon as I returned from my visit to Orozco. But Orozco seemed so strong that, just before I left, this plan was changed and I sent my outfit, under Pinky, to Villa, who was damned glad to get it, and pay our price. Then I slipped over to the Orozco bunch.

I met Orozco at the little town of Bolson de Mapimi. This was in September, 1913. I had letters that got me to him without trouble. He, thinking from my letters that I had much money and was a fighting fool, soon had me alone. From then on I was consulted on all operations. He made me about his chief ad-

viser, on account of which I had to face the jealousy of some of his other generals, but I faced it out. Every day that passed I thanked my lucky stars that I still didn't have a stiletto in my back, nor poison in my stomach. I needed all the nerve I had.

I have seen many noted personages in whose making or breaking I have had a hand, but none of them, not even Villa, impressed me so much as did this man Orozco. A face filled with severe lines and a cruel twist to the mouth. A face deeply carved not so much by years as by his desire to get to the top. A man that could be loyal to his masters only so long as they would help him climb. It is possible that now in imagination I read those lines of plotting with which I afterward became so familiar. And I was there to help him not only on his climb to glory, but to kick him into hell if needed. And God, how many times I wanted

to crush his smiling face into the mud! I have yet to find a face that can keep straight when the conscience beneath it is wriggly, and he was no exception. For his face showed how he felt as I told him my ideas of how to climb, and that I would furnish him with guns and ammunition if he would split the plunder with me when we had sacked the towns of the North. I built up pictures of glory, with him as the head of the republic and I, with my knowledge, bringing him little by little the whole of Mexico.

He would not desert Huerta, believing Huerta would win against both Villa and Carranza, so it was up to me to break him, and this was my way of doing it. After we had done for Villa, he agreed we would do for Huerta. I bought arms and ammunition for him, none too good, but lots of them, and he was glad, as he was far away from his base of

supplies. Later on, I said, we would split the profits. He agreed, knowing that when he was on his throne he could, by a little knife thrust in the back, get rid of me and take all for himself. Knife thrusts in the back were one of his tricks. I have seen Villa in cold blood shoot down one of his generals, standing face to face, but Orozco was worse than Villa. He used to give me cold chills, which few other men ever did.

As we moved northward, and got into the country of Villa, I kept close at all times, whooping up the golden future, until at last we had the Revolutionary Army, under Villa, close by us. By my suggestion, Orozco moved his army into a trap so that, if we could not push back the rebels led by Villa and helped by my machine-guns, they would push us into the United States. This was near Ojinaga. A valley led back from our position across the

American frontier, and Villa and his army were between us and the south. If Villa beat us, and I thought he would, we would have to retreat into the United States, where American troops were waiting to take charge of us. So I told Orozco I thought it was time to turn against Villa and beat him, when the whole north of Mexico would then be ours to plunder.

The evening before the battle everyone was in high spirits, singing and drinking at a huge table, sure of victory the following day. I made a speech, in which I pictured Orozco as the saviour of his race, a Mexican Cortez leading his soldiers to certain victory. There was much applause but not from everybody; some of the generals hated me.

Toast after toast we made, bottle after bottle we consumed, I always insisting that the party continue, which it did till every one of them

were glaring-eyed and boasting of what they would do on the following day. One officer sneered and called me an interferring dog of an American, but with a quick uppercut I put him to sleep. They carried him out, and the party went on, wilder than ever. We roared battle songs, and sent orders to give liquor to the men till it was all gone, since we would have plenty of liquor after we had beaten Villa the next day. By this time the party broke up, early in the morning, a dozen men were under the table, dozens of others could hardly walk, and I myself wasn't any too sober.

When we lined up for battle, every one of us had a splitting headache, and as they pounded us with rifle fire at long distance fighting for hours, and only killed thirteen on our side, I gave up hope of succeeding in my mission. This, of course, was not what I wanted. I

wanted a charge from Villa that would drive us over the border. As usual, each side was afraid to charge. But all at once I heard the familiar rattle of machine-guns, and knew that Pinky and Turner were on the job. Soon Villa sent his forces forward, and we were driven back, not foot by foot, but as a mob. Pinky and his guns kept up with the advance, and it was there I felt the power of my own machine-guns as a driving force. I was even winged in the right side by a bullet from my own outfit, and about half the officers on Orozco's staff were killed. To save our hides, the whole Orozco army crossed over to American soil where, of course, the American troops were waiting for us. I lost no time in separating myself from the wrecked army, and soon, with a bandage around my middle where one of Pinky's machine-gun bullets had creased me, I headed for Washington. The whole federal

outfit, of course, was interned at Fort Bliss, where they gave no further trouble.

This little affair was a great feather in my cap, and my chief patted me on the back, telling me what a fine job I had done, but somehow it always has had a bad taste to me. And the less said about it the better. Villa would never have got Orozco, probably, if it hadn't been for Pinky on one side, and me on the other, but he got all the credit for the victory, which puffed him up, and made him harder to deal with, as I will reveal later on.

As soon as my wound was healed, I went back to Mexico. One of Huerta's armies was now out of the field, so it was decided that I had better join my outfit, then with Villa at Chihuahua. The success of Villa had given him a swelled head, and he now started to set up his own revolutionary government. To aid them and the other rebel generals, the United States

lifted the restriction on shipments of arms across the border. This was in February, 1914.

I found, on rejoining Pinky and Turner and my other roughnecks, that Villa had been using them night and day. They were almost in open rebellion. Villa, finding out how good they were, while his own forces were nothing to boast about, had been making them do most of his heavy work. Pinky's nerves were triggered, and he, at least, was certainly glad to see me. The others, who were getting ready to clean up Villa and his whole army, or anybody else who gave them any orders, were not so glad to see me. They knew I would restore discipline first, even if I had to argue with Villa afterwards. They had reached the place where they were not going to take orders from anybody, and had plenty of liquor to back them up.

I had only been in camp an hour when I

had to order less noise from our roughnecks. For a few minutes it was quiet, then again shouting, laughing, and shooting broke out in one of our shacks. The men were getting out of command. I always made it a point to preserve discipline first of all, so I went after them. Telling Pinky to stand outside the door of the shack and give each of them a kick in the guts as I threw them out, I leaped into the shack and, with fists and feet, started in to show them who was boss, and, if they wanted to stay with me, to obey when I gave an order, or I would send along every blackguard with a oneway ticket to hell.

For the rest of the night the only sound was Fuller moaning, he having lost most of his teeth in the mix-up. They were a sorry looking bunch the next morning when I gave them my ideas in language they understood, and invited any of them who thought he had not received

a square deal to step out, and I would kick him to the other end of the whole Mexican camp, and then let the Mexicans continue the good work. The Mexicans hated them by this time, so that did not appeal to them.

Discipline was restored.

Villa and we moved slowly southward, doing little fighting except now and then a dash to one side to take some federal town, or put down some chieftain. I saw my men had less work and more play, so they soon ceased to grumble.

In August, 1914, we entered Mexico City, but our say was short, as Carranza sent both Villa and Obregon north to fight Maytorena, governor of Sonora, who was starting a little revolution on his own hook. I got myself attached to Obregon's outfit, being suspicious of what Villa might do. Villa was always unreliable, while Obregon could be relied on.

My little outfit did good fighting in the field but in camp we were hated by all the Mexicans. This was partly due to the wild ways of my men, partly due to their love of fun. Although two-fisted, two-gunned, they would play a joke on anyone handy. I had my hands full and several times the only thing that kept us from being rushed by Mexican soldiers was their fear of our machine-guns. We always got the best billets in any town we happened to hit, then we would clean our guns in the courtyard of the places where we stopped, and my men were quick to see that, when the business end of a gun pointed toward a crowd, the crowd quickly moved on. This fear of our guns was also a feature that served us in the battle line-up, they putting us in tight places and leaving us to fight out our own salvation. This we were easily able to do, and in this way we were not bothered by having to fight among

the regular soldiers in the federal army, who were often worse than none.

In one case, at Aguascalientes, having taken possession of a magnificent house, almost a palace, belonging to a wealthy Spaniard, we were ordered to evacuate by Villa, or some of his subordinate generals using his name. I refused, of course, for we were satisfied with our quarters. Besides, having established a precedent, I didn't believe in breaking it for anybody. They should have known by this time that the machine-gunners were going to have the best quarters the town afforded, and I couldn't see myself giving in after having had the best all along.

So I sent back word that I and my men were going to stay right there where we were, and that I was prepared to back it up with my twenty machine-guns, which I intimated could be pretty well mounted in the courtyard. My

men set up their guns in the courtyard while I demanded the hospitality of the house for myself and Pinky and Turner, my two lieutenants. Our host, an old Spaniard whom we allowed, of course, to remain in his home, was one of the most courteous and at the same time most distant men I ever encountered. He granted the hospitality of his house, asking only that the rest of his family be allowed to keep their rooms. This permission I readily granted—but if I had then seen his daughters, or one of them in particular, I believe I would have placed a machine-gun before their apartment so as to guard them against harm and myself.

After a few days he began to thaw out, for, dining with Pinky and me, he may have found out we were not such roughnecks as he might have suspected. Then about a week later, he asked permission and the honor to have his

family dine with us, as he was no longer afraid that we might do them harm. He said his family consisted, besides himself, of his wife and two daughters. So both Pinky and myself brushed up as much as possible under the circumstances for the occasion.

Arriving in the big, beautiful old dining room a little late, I found it ablaze with candles and one, no, three, charming pictures of Spain. The wife of the house was a charming gray-haired woman, and the other two members were two beautiful and fascinating young daughters, with an air of aristocracy and education about them. I have never seen such beautiful women, and to find them in a war-ridden country was more than we could hope for. They were dressed in evening wraps, and I, a barbarian with two guns tied to my legs, felt for a moment as in another world. Anita it was who recalled me to myself. She was, I after-

ward learned, the younger of the two daughters. She said, in perfect English:

"So is this the bad man we have heard so much about?" Then, with a twinkle in her eye: "Are you glad to have company for dinner?"

As I bent over her hand, I knew that once again my heart was lost. Such an evening! Music, wit, and laughter, flashing of eyes and flirting, as only the Latins know. Dinner was served in a lovely solid silver service, an heirloom which had been handed down for generations in the family, probably representing more money than all of us would see in many years. Although the army took from every home in the town every article of value that could possibly be turned into money, I saw to it that this home was never requisitioned and the family appreciated it, we felt sure; they were charming to us for the rest of our stay, even though we really were a pretty rough lot.

The old gentleman, undoubtedly, was the only member of the dinner party who enjoyed that first dinner, for Pinky and I felt out of place in our battle-scarred clothes and dirt, and the ladies, naturally reserved, could not at once break down the old Spanish tradition in which they had been brought up. It was the beginning, however, of a most pleasant sojourn, for we dined with the family each night after that, and within a week the reserve that had held all of us in restraint had worn off. And what followed afterward—the pleasure of passing a stolen minute, the touch of Anita's lips to mine—is a story of the heart, and not to be lightly told. Later I did them a great service in insisting that they leave the country, and sending Turner with an escort to see they got safe on board a ship bound for Spain. I have heard lately that both daughters are married, which is for the best.

Trouble arose in our army, commanded by Villa and Obregon, soon after this. Villa, never a military genius, was lost without the aid of General Angeles, who had remained in Mexico City. Villa and Obregon quarreled over their plans till I, for one, wondered what was going to become of us. So, when Villa tried to execute Obregon and almost got away with it, I was ready for a move. Obregon came to my tent late one night and frankly asked me to move with him. He thought Villa was about to turn against Carranza, turn traitor, or something like that. You can bet I lost no time, and the next night, early in the morning, I and my little outfit faded into the darkness, running south with Obregon. Obregon treated me right, and I could rely on his word and judgment, which was one of the reasons he later became president of Mexico, and may be president again before very long.

Back in Mexico City we settled down to a life of ease, at least ease for my men. For me, their fighting and flirting kept my nerves on the jump. In between times I was being called to headquarters for every little fight they got into. God, but the Mexicans certainly did love us, feeling their knives with eager fingers when they thought we were not looking. But I managed to keep my back away from dark corners, generally close to some good solid wall, and I took it all as a part of the game. At least I could get a kick knowing the other chap was more afraid than I was.

One evening Pinky and Turner and I decided to go to a large restaurant where we could hear music of a sort. While standing in front of the place, a half dozen Mexican generals were passing us—in the Mexican army there is about one general to every soldier—when one of them hit me with his shoulder, as

much as to say, "Get out of my way!" I quickly turned and, with open hand, pushed him into the street, where he fell, getting to his feet covered with mud and filth. Glaring at me, he cried, "I challenge you, you dog of a gringo!" I laughed. "Fine, you son of a ——, to-morrow morning at sunrise, two brooms and a bucket of —— at a thousand yards."

We three walked in, laughing and making light of the incident. But the news soon spread and as we took our places at a little table next the wall I could hear many under-the-breath curses directed at us. Having often heard such remarks, never spoken directly at us but always under the breath, I paid no attention. Pinky and Turner and I ordered iced champagne, and soon felt we were sitting on top of the world.

A table near us was occupied by three gold braided high-ranking officers, who were joined

in about an hour by the general I had pushed into the street. He was all cleaned up and spick and span again, but his temper wasn't improved. Soon the youngest of the lot got to his feet and pulling his saber started to show off, waving the saber about, at the same time telling what he would do to any gringo who tried to interfere. He evidently thought, "Now is my chance to spread my fame throughout Mexico." He pranced, swinging his saber, made feints, and started to shout his challenge at me. I sat grinning at him, amused by his courage, which must have cost a piece of money in champagne, or maybe promised advancement. I thought his foolishness would soon wear off. But no, I started to feign fright and his courage increased. He began waving his sabre near my face.

As he made a cut close to me, I ducked for his legs and, picking him up, threw him among

the onlookers overturning a couple of tables. By now I was mad, and as he came out of the crowd I leaped at him drawing my sword. The crowd quickly gave us room, enjoying the fun. I saw that Pinky and Turner, sitting with their hands on their guns, would see nobody came at me from the rear. It took but a minute for me to disarm him, knocking the sword out of his hand. Then I swung my own blade over his head, down his side, up and around him, until he was white with fear and holding his breath lest he take too much room, and I would cleave him in two. At last I stopped, to give him a chance to recover his sword if he wanted it, but he turned and ran out of the room. I turned to the generals who were left, and asked them please to let me drink in peace, or I might get really angry and hurt one of them.

But this was not the end of it. The youth I had shown up was soon to make me regret that

I had not run him through when I had the chance. They have cruel natures and never forget a grudge. I am a reasonably brave enough man, as the world goes; but when one night soon afterward, while returning from a call at headquarters where my roughnecks were in trouble again, a net like a fishnet was thrown over my head, and pulled tight while I wallowed in it, I shivered with coldness, thinking my end had come. But no, I only felt the sharp prick of a stiletto on my neck, and a voice telling me I would not be killed if I kept still. More ropes were wrapped around the net and, with a cloth over my head and my arms bound tight to my sides, I was led along. There were three men.

So now, I thought, I was in for it, although I did not know then who was responsible for capturing me. I had made plenty of enemies, but I had not been afraid, having a gun tied to

each leg and a saber besides. But they soon got my guns and sword away from me while I was wallowing around in their net, and besides beat me till I was silly and weak. But, at that, if it had not been for the net, I think I would have given them a real fight.

We went a long way, they pricking and hurrying me on, then we seemed to go down into a house, and down a long flight of winding stone steps. They pushed me down part of the way so that I rolled in my helpless state, banging my head on the stone steps, half conscious. Then they dragged me on my back across a stone floor, and I saw a light had been lit by the little light that came through the sack that was over my head. Then I heard pounding, like when a man pounds a crowbar with a sledge. This was caused by the driving of a crowbar with a ring in the top into the mortar between the stones, as I discovered when they took the

sack off my head. It was then I discovered the sneering, cruel, and flushed face of the young officer I had humiliated in the restaurant. His name was Avila.

He fastened me by a piece of chain and a leg-iron to the crowbar that his men had driven into the wall. The leg iron was of the ordinary kind, but after he had slipped the bolt through the lock, he bent the end of the bolt backward, so that it couldn't be taken off even if I had had a key. He then said, very politely, speaking good English, "Well, Capitan, have you said your prayers?"

I confess I was afraid, even though I tried to let him see different. Even though he took off my robes and left me free except for the chain around my leg, I knew I was as good as gone, for he would never dare to let me see the light of freedom, fearing it would mean his end. Out of reach of my arms, he would

tell me the hellish end he intended for me. First he was going to cut off my ears, then my nose, then other tortures not mentionable. "We're in no hurry," he said, leaving me by myself. It was about ten o'clock at night when he got me, and I had to endure this torture more than three days.

When he would leave me alone, I would picture my past, and all the bad things I had done would rush past me; never one good thing would flash up which might have cheered me. I remember in particular an incident about three months before when I had tried out the water cure on a Mexican bandit to make him tell me the strength and retreat of his outfit, and he went raving mad. It is a wonder I did not go mad, too, for during three days the only face I saw was that of Avila, and each day he brought me a piece of dirty bread and a small bucket of slimey water. It was really

slimey, I mean, disgusting, and made me sick but I had to drink it. He would spend some time talking to me.

"You've shown me up before the public, but it is nothing to what I will do to you. I will show up to you your own insides. I will show you that you have a white liver!" Other things I disremember but they were all like that, and all said in a most polite voice. He was not a man but a devil. I tried to keep from going crazy, saying nothing, waiting, hoping to God I could get one good chance at him before I went.

I would sleep sometimes but I would shake myself awake with the horror of my dreams, and when I was awake I tried to sleep to forget the truth. What were my men doing? I knew that Pinky and Turner would move heaven and earth to find me. Late at night, the third day, Avila came in with a little charcoal fire, and placing in it a branding iron he told me what he

intended to do. Smear the white hot iron on each cheek and forehead, then hold it before my eyes till my sight was burned away. I thought it would be better to die than to be cast out into the world helpless, and to hear others talk about war and how they fought their way through. Never to be able to see the look of horror on Avila's face when, if ever free, I would have my hands on his damn neck.

Although burning with fear my brain came clear, and I wondered how he intended to trap me, for my arms were still free. As long as my arms were free, I had a chance. I got cunning and, leaning against the wall, played that lack of food had made me faint. How he gloated over me! "Ah, you shut your eyes—but I'll make you open them. So the best of us are not too brave?" I pushed in close to my corner, so that I had a length of chain, pretending to be half fainting with fear. He had

a pocket electric torch and he played it on my face to torture me. Then, getting tired of gloating, he pulled a gun and made me sit with my back to him, my hands behind my back, so that he could tie my hands.

I crouched close against the wall, sitting down with my legs doubled up and my feet against the wall, knowing that I had a good length of chain. I put my hands behind my back for him to tie them. Then, when I felt him touch my hands, I rolled over backward like a flash, putting my knees into his face, grabbing his knees as he tried to rise, upsetting him. He had been too eager to see me suffer to notice I was not at the end of my chain. I was all over him in a second, catching at his hands to stop his gun. But his hands were empty, he had dropped both gun and searchlight while preparing to tie me. As he started calling for help, I got my hands cut-

ting his wind and, with insane strength, was able to choke him unconscious. I was afraid my strength would not hold out and afraid I would faint, for I was weak as a baby with fasting and the vile and foul air, so that it was only some super-strength that gave me power to choke him unconscious.

When he quit wriggling, with one hand still on his throat I crawled over him to where the electric torch was lying, kicked aside, with its light pointed at the wall. I saw he was knocked out. I laid the light down on the floor, pointing at his face, and choked him further. He might come back to life. With my strength leaving me fast, I tied him so that he could hardly move a muscle. Then I went after his gun. In the scuffling it had been kicked further than I could reach, but I threw a loop of rope over it and finally got it. My courage came back. I fired two shots from the revolver into

my leg iron but there was nothing doing there. Lying at full length I was able to reach the braiser of charcoal with the branding iron in it, burning my fingers badly, which I did not feel at the time because I was so glad to get it. I placed the chain in it and, sitting on Avila, blew the fire, heating the chain and pounding it with the point on the back of the branding iron. After about half an hour, I managed to break the chain. How happy I was to be free. If anyone came, now, I had at least a fighting chance with his revolver.

But even if I died for it, I had to wait so that I could have my revenge. I was afraid for a minute that he was dead but after throwing my bucket of slimey water over him he came to gasping. To see the look of despair on his face was worth a carload of Mexican gold. As I blew the fire to make it burn brighter, heating the branding iron—God how he pleaded for

mercy! It was music to me. Three days he had tortured me; I intended he should have a try at it, as well. Thinking of my own safety I did not linger long, but quickly pulled out the hot branding iron and placed it against his right cheek. I should have killed him but it was worse for him to go about, a branded man for the rest of his life.

I went up the stairs slowly, with my revolver ready, for I thought Avila must have a guard there, but no, as I tumbled out into the open air, it was nearly into the arms of Turner, who had got track of Avila and was waiting for him to come out so he could question him.

Turner said, "All right, Chief?" And I said, "Yes. Lead me to camp, and get somebody to file off this iron while I sleep." Sleep, that was all I wanted. But before I went to sleep, I told Turner that Avila was back in that cellar and maybe he ought to go and untie him.

It took me more than a week to get back my strength, and to this day I cannot think of that experience without a shudder. Turner told me he went down and cut Avila loose but I never saw nor heard of him again, and was told that he had disappeared without leaving his address. Turner denied that he killed him but Turner, of course, figured it was my job to get that man, so he would not have admitted it to me. Turner's ideas along this line were quite strict: if a man had a quarrel he must kill the man he quarreled with himself for no one else had the right. But Turner knew I was not so strict about this. Personally, I am sure that Turner got him, which is all right with me, if it did Turner any good, which maybe it did, since Turner was pretty sore at the way I had been treated. Whenever Turner was sore, something usually happened.

CHAPTER VII

A FLING AT KNIGHT-ERRANTRY

Soon came the presidential election, and like all Mexican elections, it was cold-decked. General Obregon and General Pablo Gonzalez were for Carranza but the north of the country, under the domination of Villa, Angeles, Blanco and others, was against him. Carranza called the convention in Mexico City, so he could have it under his control, but rival factions manipulated it so that it was held in Aguascalientes, which was in Villa's country, or at least under his control. The result was as expected, and a Villa-Zapata outfit soon afterward occupied Mexico City and made their tool, Gutierrez, the provisional president. The only rule in Mexico is the iron hand, and only

old Diaz had it. If Carranza had only been a little more of a man, and had a little more iron in him, Zapata wouldn't have driven him out of Mexico City. Even with the few machine-guns and men I had, I could have held off Zapata's bandits, with any backing from Carranza. However, we soon had the whole local country against us, practically, so it was better to get out. Carranza couldn't make himself any more popular with the Mexicans than with the United States Government.

Carranza, with Obregon and myself, moved to Vera Cruz, which was then held by American troops, and there Carranza made his headquarters. Vera Cruz, due to the American troops which saved it from Villa and his friends, was about the only place Carranza could go. It was also convenient for keeping in touch with the United States, from which he drew supplies. Our Government was, of

course, favoring him at this time, so we at once withdrew our marines when he was ready to move in. It will be remembered that our marines had been sent into Vera Cruz, with a great deal of whoop-la, after a party of American sailors, stopping there for oil, had been fired on. A lot of Americans do not seem to understand why Wilson moved marines into Vera Cruz, and so soon after moved them out, but here is the simple, plain reason. We were supporting Carranza, and if he had had much sense or gratitude he might be in power to-day, instead of murdered. It was a great kindness to him when we moved out for he was in a bad way, with no place to go except the spot we had been keeping warm and safe for him.

As the Carranza forces approached Vera Cruz I stood on a hillside overlooking the city and the harbor, and watched our boys leaving. Believe me, I was sore not to be going too. I

was sick of Mexico. Homesick, maybe. But, even if homesick, I would not know where to go. I had no longer a home in the United States, and Mexico was as sick of us as we were sick of the country. Rosy and Muller and my roughnecks, standing around me, felt about the same way. The Mexicans, even those of our own army, hated us and, if it hadn't been for Obregon and Carranza, the other Mexican generals would probably have found some quiet little way of wiping us out. But still the word was to stick and try to save Carranza. I doubted if I would ever leave Vera Cruz alive but I determined that there would be one good live little battle before we were wiped out.

As the last marines left, we took over the town. But Obregon was wise; that same evening he ordered me and my outfit to go back along the route we had come from Mexico City and cover the line. We were tired out, but I

convinced my roughnecks that they had to march. It was better, anyway, than being in Vera Cruz. Luckily Zapata hadn't followed us from Mexico City. He and his army stayed to enjoy the delights of city life, after their campaign in the open. The object of these Mexican armies, then and to-day, is not so much to defeat the enemy as to get into a good-sized city, requisition everything possible, execute a number of citizens who had been friendly to the army that had just left, and generally have a good time. Zapata, being a bandit like Villa and Orozco, had a wonderful time in Mexico City.

While he was there I looked over the ground on the line between Mexico City and Vera Cruz, and found a prize place for machine-guns. It was in a mountain pass, with heights on either side too high to permit them to outflank us easily, and a wonderful sweep for

machine-gun fire. My roughnecks, under Rosy, Muller, and me, mounted the guns where they would do the most good, working mostly at night, and keeping a guard of natives thrown out all around, so Zapata wouldn't get wise. We placed twenty-five guns, got together stores and ammunition, and fortified the place so we could promise Zapata a beautiful reception, if only he didn't get wise and go some other way or flank us out. I had word from Washington that Carranza and Obregon were to be protected, which made me specially anxious to do a good job.

By the time Zapata, at the order of Villa, came to attack Vera Cruz about three weeks later, I was all set and ready. He didn't even send forward scouting parties, thinking, no doubt, that he had Obregon and Carranza beaten so badly that they wouldn't dare to try to fight him until he got into the outskirts

of Vera Cruz. His advance nearly walked over us before he knew we were there. It was a beautiful sight for my tired eyes. I caught his whole main column with a sweeping fire from half a dozen different angles, and nearly wiped it out. The guns made history that day. They elected the next president of Mexico. Obregon's troops came up, and followed the retreating Zapata army. It was a clean-cut victory. We pushed the Zapatists back to Mexico City, slaughtering them freely in spite of the reinforcements that Villa sent out to stop their retreat. Following our victory we laid siege to Mexico City, where Villa was encamped, and made both him and Zapata get out on January 19. On January 28, 1915, we again entered Mexico City. The federal army got the credit, of course, but as I rode in at the head of my roughnecks, I had some ideas of my own on the subject. However, we got good pay, and

that was what we were down there for, not to get our names in the papers. Also, Washington was glad to get the news.

After we entered Mexico City, we thought we had a few days' rest coming while Villa and Zapata went north for their health, but Obregon wisely decided it was best to keep Villa on the run. Like Angeles, he was a real military man, even if not so good a general as Felipe. So Obregon and I stayed on Villa's heels, driving him north till we caught up with him at Celaya, where we gave him the licking of his life. Then we caught him again and gave him another licking at Leon, pushing him north, always on the run, until finally we forced him out of the job of an army boss and he was reduced to the level of a bandit, with only a small number of followers.

During this time, I and all my men became as thin as a match from hard riding, hard fight-

ing, and no rest. Only one incident of special importance occurred. Nearing the borders of Chihuahua, Villa's home state, I thought I might have a chance to finish the show before Villa got into his native country, where it would be practically impossible to follow him. My idea was to take my little army, swing around to the right in a wide circle, to get ahead of Villa and his army. There I would prepare an ambush, if I could find a proper spot in which to place my guns. With luck, I might wipe most of the rest of his army, since he now had only a matter of two or three thousand men out of the ten thousand or so under his command when he was sitting on the top of the world in Mexico City.

For two days and nights we rode like the devil, changing our horses for fresh ones at the ranches we passed. Finally, we thought we were ahead of Villa's column. I had eighteen

roughnecks, six Mexican helpers, and nine guns. The morning following our arrival back on Villa's route, as I calculated, and not more than six hours ahead of his advancing army, I picked out a promising spot from which to mow his army down. We then raided a ranch for fresh horses, to be ready for any emergency, and found plenty of animals. This showed in itself that Villa had not passed that way for, of course, he always stripped the country of horses as he passed. I had good United States Government maps and I knew that the place I had picked, a valley between high mountains on either side, was about the only pass north and south in that part of the country, so I figured Villa had to come through. With me to mess his army up, and Obregon driving in from the rear, I thought here was a good chance to finish Villa for good.

I had taken into consideration that we might

be seen and reported by some of Villa's friends but this was a chance we had to take. We had traveled as carefully as we could, avoiding villages and, with our guns in boots on the horses and covered with tarp, we did not look much different from the many other bandit bands in that part of the country. But somebody noticed the difference and reported us to Villa. My little outfit was, of course, not large enough to fight an army and our only hope was a suprise. I was cheered about noon the day we arrived by seeing a band of about two hundred mounted men coming down the pass toward us, thinking it was the vanguard of Villa's army. We sure thought we had them. But they never would come within range of our guns, just dawdling along the road without coming nearer than four or five miles. I began to see we were in Dutch, with the force down the road just keeping us in view, and

ready to rush us as soon as we were surrounded on sides and rear, which would probably happen as soon as it got dark. If this happened, I thought I could see our finish.

I ordered all the guns taken from their tripods and put back in the saddle boots, leaving the tripods and ammunition cases and everything else where they were. I thought I would do well to get away with my men and guns. My idea was to rush the detachment in a body, knee to knee, heading back straight through them, and through the main Villa army in their rear, hoping to get through to Obregon's army, which was following in Villa's rear. It looked like a wild chance but, what with their circling us and forming ambushes, it might be the cheapest way out. We had fresh horses, anyway, and I knew that most of Villa's horses were tired from long riding. Pinky and Turner agreed with me that I had the right dope.

We waited till night and then as the moon came up we walked our horses, leading them silently, going as far down the trail that way as we dared. Then we mounted and got going like a whirlwind. We were on the detachment covering the road before they knew it. We rode hell for leather, with our guns blazing, yelling like Comanches, so that they must have thought we were many. But as we went through them, while they scattered on all sides, they saw how few we were, and that we were merely making a dash. The whole outfit, perhaps about two hundred men, mounted and came after us.

I never rode as I did that night. With the half-moon we could see but little, and of a sudden we discovered we were only a hundred yards or so from Villa's main camp. No stopping or turning out now, so, yelling and shooting, we rushed straight on them and, in about three minutes and before they got more than

a few scattering shots at us, we were through and away. It was twenty-four of us and about two thousand of them, but they were taken by surprise and must have thought an army was upon them; before we were out of hearing I heard their loud cry of attack and call to arms. We must have got quite a few of them because I and all my roughnecks had been trained to shoot with both hands from the saddle. We settled down to the steady grind of putting miles between us and Villa's army. But their pursuit didn't last long, their horses may have been tired, and maybe Villa's men weren't too anxious to catch up with the bunch of wild men who not only had ridden, knee to knee, through a detachment of two hundred sent out to get them, but through the whole Villa army besides. Counting my men, I found I was seven short—two Mexican helpers and five roughnecks were missing. We had lost heavily, con-

sidering our strength, and we had failed in our mission, but we had further broken the morale of an army already on the run. This counted for a good deal.

Most of the rest of Villa's army melted away after this, so he was left with only a few faithful followers, practically a bandit in Chihuahua, as he had been when he started out to conquer Mexico, and succeeded. With others of his kind, he kept the whole of Chihuahua in a reign of terror. In fact, most of Mexico at this time, as at the present time, was overrun with various revolutionists, rebels, and bandit chiefs, who killed, robbed and raised the devil generally.

Carranza was having his troubles, also. He was pushed out of Mexico City while Obregon and I were north after Villa. Our old friend Zapata did the job, since Carranza never was a general, nor knew enough to put

down banditry with the iron hand that was needed. Only on July 10, 1915, was Carranza able to get back into the capital, when Obregon and I returned from chasing Villa. Carranza, with little money, no laws enforced, bandits everywhere, and, for a while, not even a capital, was not in a good frame of mind. So when in August, 1915, the United States and the A. B. C. powers asked for a conference at Niagara Falls, in the hope of bringing peace to Mexico, Villa accepted the invitation, but Carranza refused. Carranza had an idea we wanted oil and mining concessions, which was behind our constant demand for peace and order in Mexico, and maybe he was right. We had, of course, been supporting Carranza but now he had turned against us things were more mixed up than ever, and all Americans intensely hated. Our State Department got permission from the various leaders to remove all

Americans from Mexico City but a few stayed on at their own risk.

I stayed on to keep an eye on things for the department, sitting tight with my roughnecks, with Obregon about our only friend. Carranza and the other generals who hated us knew however, that we were about the only thing that kept Zapata from coming back and again pushing Carranza out of Mexico City. Zapata, ever since we had got him on the line to Vera Cruz, had a healthy fear for me and my roughnecks, and was not likely to try to take Mexico City again while we were there. We arranged our billets so they could be defended against either Zapata or the generals on our own side, and sat down to see what was going to happen. This soon ceased to be amusing, especially as we were so hated by all Mexicans that we could not have a good time in the city without risking our necks.

I was glad to get out soon afterward on a little adventure of my own. One day I was called to one side by an American who had stayed on in Mexico City at his own risk, a Mr. Dawson, who said he was an oil owner from the Tampico fields. Mr. Dawson told me that Manuel Pelaez, who controlled the Tampico district of Mexico, had taken a fancy to Helen Dawson, Mr. Dawson's daughter, a very refined young girl who had come down to visit her father, and he was afraid Pelaez would get her.

This did not surprise me a great deal for Manuel Palaez was a great character and ruled the district with a hand of iron. He had come into power shortly after old Diaz got out, leaving the whole country to anarchy. Pelaez ever since had levied a monthly tribute on the Tampico oil producers, which they had to pay, in spite of many complaints to our State Depart-

ment. Every government in Mexico City was opposed to Pelaez because he kept every cent of the money he collected from the oil men, while the various presidents and other so-called rulers, who set up their authority in the capital, thought he ought to split with them. But Pelaez, a two-fisted, two-gun man, did as he pleased, defying both his own government and the United States, as well as the oil men. He also had a reputation for getting as many women as he wanted, which was a great many.

So when Mr. Dawson told me he wanted to get his daughter out of Mexico, and was afraid of Pelaez agents in any of the ports, such as Tampico or Vera Cruz and asked, "Could you help me?" I was ready to listen to his story. He said I could save an American girl from worse than death and so forth. He thought I might ride with her over the border, as her father said she was a splendid rider. At this

time I myself wanted to get out of Mexico City, where there was nothing but trouble, so I thought I might do worse than go prospecting a little up to the border. I could at least get some inside information on the situation there, which the department would be glad to have.

I told Dawson to show me his daughter.

He explained that she was at Tampico, being watched by Pelaez and men under his command. So I made my plans to ride north, pick up the girl along my route, and take her across the border with me. I told him all he needed was to have his daughter at Tancaniqui, on the Rio de Lilesa, one week from date, at five o'clock in the morning. He readily agreed that he could do this, promising to pay me well if I could get her away from Pelaez, but I of course said no, that I wouldn't think of taking his money. I would gladly do the service as one American for another, and be more than re-

paid if I could save an American from worse than death and so forth.

I rode north into the Tancaniqui district and bought four horses, picking them for endurance and speed, as I planned to make about fifty miles each day. Mr. Dawson and Miss Dawson were at the appointed place on time. I didn't care for her any more than I had cared for Dawson. Picture a red-headed girl of about twenty-three years, dressed in a New York riding costume, all spick and span, who did not even shake hands when I was introduced. Her nose pointed skywards and she grumbled: "A devil of an hour to be starting on a trip!" Of course it was five o'clock in the morning and cold as the devil with the dew that falls in those districts over night, but I explained to her that we were not exactly starting on a morning canter through Central Park. She disdained to take any notice of me. She was

devilish good-looking in a way with the accent on the devilish, but not in a polite way exactly, if you get what I mean. Her father, if that is what he was, hung around her, kissing her and sniveling over her, till I had to ask him politely to get the hell away, so we could start. They both of them had me guessing, and I would have given up the job right there, if I had not agreed to do it, and wanted to keep my word.

It did not take me five minutes after we started to find out what kind of a breed I had with me, and as I thought of our long trip ahead—well, a machine-gun fight would have been play. She said the saddle was old, her stirrup leathers hurt her legs, she did not like the horse because he did not trot. Well, I had purposely picked a comfortable old saddle for her, and as for the horse not trotting, I suppose she wanted to post, like riding in a park. At last I turned to her, and told her, in plain language,

that if she continued along that line I'd return and turn her over to daddy, and let Pelaez have his way. Having seen in my life plenty of women as the playthings of bandit chiefs, who were later turned over to ordinary soldiers to do with as they liked, I pictured a real enough life to make her shut up.

Her park riding did not help her any, so instead of my making fifty miles we stopped for the night near Magiscatzin, only twenty-five miles on our way. She was dead tired, all except her mouth, so I busied myself getting her something to eat. We were, of course, traveling light, so all the food I carried was bacon and flour, the flour to make a cake in the pan after cooking the bacon. She did not even say "Thank you," but immediately after eating rolled herself in her blankets under the little lean-to of branches I built for her, and was dead to the world in a few minutes. Her last

words were that she was afraid she was going to have indigestion because of the food I had given her.

With my blanket thrown over my shoulders, I studied the situation. I hadn't even asked for any money for taking her out, and I could have had about anything I asked for. I thought, of course, it would be a good stunt to get an American girl out of trouble, imagining her as a good sport, and half-way friendly, not treating me like her servant or peon. It was some job I had taken to cross through that country, even if alone. If Villa, or any of his gang leaders, or any of the other bandits all about got their hands on us, it was good night. Pelaez would send out words to all his bandits chiefs to keep an eye out for us, and make quick work of me, if not of her, if he got his hands on us. Making twenty-five miles a day, with her riding like a park prissy, did not

give us much chance, especially if followed. I was in a tight box, and to have a spoiled child along did not give me much hope of ever seeing the United States. But I had taken on the job and I decided to make the best of it. And I decided to make her make the best of it, too.

I kept watch, not sleeping much, awakening her at the first sign of day, and after considerable grumbling from her, to which I told her to shut up unless she could say something agreeable, our little outfit got going. Regardless of her feelings I pushed hard, making only a stop of an hour at noon to rest our horses and eat. I kept looking back, knowing that if Pelaez heard of her leaving he would be on our trail. Sometimes, from the way she acted, always objecting to going so fast, I thought maybe she was sorry to leave Pelaez, and would be glad if he caught us. I told her frankly that, if

she wanted me to turn her over to Pelaez, or let her ride back, she couldn't hurt my feelings a bit. She made some insulting reply and we rode on. I kept up the pace.

Late in the afternoon I turned our line of march more to the left, and into the foothills of the mountains. There we could more easily find cover if we were followed. Late in the afternoon, as I looked back, I thought I saw dust clouds, a sign of riders, but the distance was too great to be sure. On we pushed, making wide detours when we approached towns or villages for, of course, I could not afford to meet anybody when the whole country was full of bandits, anxious to shoot a man for four such horses as I had, not to mention my other belongings and the girl. At about eight in the evening, I stopped for the night, pulling away from the trail, sheltered by a little gully.

I was tired but she was completely tuckered

out, too tired even to grumble, and dead to the world before she had finished eating. We had only cold pan bread, left from the midday chow. On account of the dust cloud, I didn't want to make a fire. If I had been alone, I would have pushed ahead into the hills but to have gone another mile would have put Miss Redhead in the hospital, provided there had been any hospital in the neighborhood. The night came down colder than the devil, as usual in that climate, and once more I sat awake, keeping watch, with practically no sleep, till dawn. At the first peep of day, we were in the saddle again, pushing north. I was looking back over the trail even more often. I felt we were followed.

If Redhead had treated me decently I would have been sorry for her by this time. She was saddle sore and looked ten years older than when we started. It was only a little pleasure

jaunt for me because I was hard as nails but it must have been hell for her, and no mistake.

While we were stopping to make chow, about noon, I saw mounted men swing over a rise about a mile in our rear. I had stopped in that place because it gave a good view back along the trail, and I could see anyone following before they got close. It was no time now to take any chances so, quickly changing the saddles to our lead horses which were fresher, away we went as fast as they could travel. I kept bearing off toward the hills where, if needed, we could hide. We passed many an inviting ravine, but I was afraid of getting into a blind ravine, where we would be caught like rats in a trap. The first hour, we held our own, even though they came after us hell bent for breakfast, then we started to pull ahead a little. I had chosen good horses and, having four of them, we always had two that were more or

less fresh. Looking back from the top of a rise, I could count about twenty dots, which I knew meant twenty armed bandits spurred on, no doubt, by a promise of good money if they caught us.

By now it seemed that Redhead knew what was waiting for her if she was caught, and she, white-faced and holding to the saddle-horn, made her horse do his best. They were certainly good horses; with their bellies close to the ground they were sailing along, mile after mile. If we could hold on till dark I thought we would be safe. But that was two hours away, and the bandits following us must have had fresh horses to start with, too, judging by the way they hung on.

As the horses we were riding began to stumble with fatigue, we changed again to our lead horses, leaving the good animals we had been riding where they stood, with widespread legs,

panting. We began to gain again and in a little time the bandits were but a cloud of dust in the background. But no letting up now. First I must find fresh horses, then disappear into the mountains.

We came, about five o'clock, to a small ranch. First I put my gun into the guts of the owner to show him I was in a hurry, then quickly bought and paid for the six horses which were all he had. We needed only four horses, but we could not afford to leave the other two as fresh mounts for the bandits. Away we went again and at last, as it began to get dark, we found ourselves in a good coulée, far away in the mountains. Redhead could not stand on her feet, just sank down groaning as I lifted her from the saddle. Not knowing how to relax her muscles when on horseback, she was stiff as a board from head to feet. I had tried to teach her this trick of relaxing,

especially the legs and shoulders and hips, and thought she would fall into it, but she had learned to ride a harder way, which was no good for real riding. Now she could not even stand on her feet.

She said nothing as I took a bottle of whiskey and told her to undress so that I could massage her legs and back. Otherwise she could not have moved the next morning, and I would have undressed her and massaged her by force, if necessary, as not only her life but my own was in danger. Luckily she listened to reason, and I got the worst kinks out of her after about half an hour of hard work. I managed to force some food on her before she went dead to the world, but I could not make her take a nip of whiskey, which might have helped. It was easy to see that she was in a bad way, and her nerves were beginning to go.

I did not dare to sleep but, leaning against a

boulder where I could keep a lookout, I again sized up the situation. If Redhead had been a hard-riding, hard-fighting son of a gun—but I was afraid she was about to wear out, and be unable to go forward; and then what in hell to do? Along about midnight she started talking to herself in her sleep. This was worse and more of it. When I awakened her at dawn she looked at me with dull eyes and told me to go shoot myself. Then she reviled me in a way that showed she knew some language, at least. She was evidently out of her head. I said nothing but got the chow and horses ready. She wouldn't eat anything to speak of, but she let me put her into the saddle, so we got further back in the mountains.

At noon I again lifted her from her saddle and made chow. She refused to eat anything, just sat looking gloomy.

I said, "You are not eating."

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Eat, damn you, if you choke doing it!"

At that she began to be a little of her old, haughty self, but anyway she did eat. She saw she had to.

By now I knew the bandits were off our trail, luckily for us, so I looked for a good place to camp and give Redhead a rest. After another twenty-five miles we came to a little old tumble-down shack left by some prospector. I told Redhead that we were home for a day or two to rest up. There was a good little creek near-by, and after I had made chow and brought her water to wash up, she went to sleep and slept till noon the next day. Then, although her face was so lined with fatigue that she looked like an old woman, she seemed much better.

As I had had little sleep, feeling it necessary to keep watch most of the time, I told her

to start a fire with some wood I had found, and cook some bacon for us, as I was going to sleep and would eat when I awoke in a couple of hours. She told me that I was the servant, not her. I said we'd see about that. When I awoke there was nothing cooked nor had she bothered to make a fire with the wood I had gathered. So, building a fire and cooking my own meal, I told Redhead that, when she felt hungry, there was one way of satisfying it, and that was to cook her meals herself. Her face got as red as her hair but she held back words she wished to say. I ate my bacon and pan bread, leaving nothing for her. Then I went out to get a rabbit, and soon had the luck to knock over a nice young one. I cleaned and dressed it; then returning to camp at six o'clock, I handed it to her and told her to make a stew, with dumplings, for our dinner. She called me a brute but she cooked it as I ordered, and after that she

did the cooking. This seemed only fair to me, as I let her plainly understand.

After two days we started north again, maybe a little better friends, but Redhead had called me a brute so many times that I spoke to her only when necessary. We pushed north, day after day, not riding so hard, having better chow by buying a little fresh meat, goat meat generally, along the way. One day about noon, coming to a lonely little ranch where there seemed to be only one old woman at home, I said we would stop for a lunch of hot tamales. The old woman readily agreed. When she made the tamales she pulled up her skirts to roll them on the fat part of her leg, near the thigh. There was a clean place there, the only place that was not black dirty, and it seemed to have been made clean by the tamales she had rolled there. This was too much for even our ravenous appetites. I insisted she roll them elsewhere.

We gave Monterey a wide berth, since we heard bandits were especially strong around there, and arrived at Villaldalma, about 150 miles from Laredo, Texas. It was a shorter route if we could follow the Rio Sabinas, but natives had told me of a band of bandits, so I decided on the longer route to Laredo.

From then on, more trouble started. As we made our camp, early in the evening, four hard-looking Mexicans came in and asked to eat. I had knocked over a young goat, and we were having a stew of the hindquarters, which was cooking over our fire. So I told them to help themselves. They wanted to know what band I belonged to, and I lied, telling them I was from over in Coahuila. Of course Redhead did not have the sense to keep away nor even to keep quiet, and the more I would frown the more she would talk, trying out her knowledge of Mexican, which was not much. I could see

them licking their chops at the prospect of this pretty piece of baggage, neatly thrown into their hands. Only one man to be done away with, they calculated, and that required only a shot in the dark. Or they might get up the courage to rush me. My hands were never far away from my belt, and I was packing two good gats, S. & W. .38's on .44 frames. A couple of them, at least, were going to get hurt if they started the ball rolling.

Redhead, of course, started things by walking away from the fire, moving out into the shadows. I called to her to come back but she made the bright reply that she was enjoying the night air. I dared not look too long after her, as I did not have more than enough eyes to watch the men, and they would stand a lot of watching if we were going to keep our skins whole.

One of the men, who seemed to be the leader,

had been following Redhead's every move with his bloodshot eyes. Now, as she wandered into the shadows, he raised himself and stretching his long frame, said, "I guess I'll look at our horses before sleeping."

"Like hell you will," I told him. After looking at my hands resting on my guns, he answered, with a polite smile, "I can wait."

I got his meaning all right; he seemed to be sure and satisfied, and he seemed to be right, too. But I couldn't wait. Time for action was at hand, as now, at least, I had them all bunched together. I pulled both gats.

"Hands in the air quick, you bastards!"

I called Redhead to my side, bawling her out so she would understand I would have no more nonsense, and told her, "Get our horses saddled!" She started to answer and I said: "Don't talk back, you poor fool, but get moving and be damned quick about it! These fel-

lows will treat you worse than Pelaez ever hoped to, and they'll plug me first, which is worse!"

Never for one moment did my eyes leave the bandits, now conveyed by my two guns. One at a time, I made them drop their shooting irons, tossing them on the ground near my feet. Then only did I let them lower their hands.

I thought Redhead would never finish with the horses, for our work was still cut out for us. It took her at least ten minutes. When the horses were ready, I told her to take the bandits' guns from the ground, empty them, and throw them out into the darkness in all directions. At last we were ready and, with her in the saddle and our horses pointed north, I leaped on my own horse and in a few seconds the darkness had swallowed us up. For a few minutes I could hear the loud shouting and tramping of the bandits, hunting for their gats.

We rode hard all that night, and taking fresh horses from a ranch early in the morning we continued pushing north till Redhead could stand no more.

Late that afternoon I found a little place alongside of a small stream and deep in the woods, where I decided to wait till morning before pushing over the border. Bandits were everywhere, all of them making a living on what they could pick up. I tied our horses short, and pinched the nose-band of their bridle tight enough so they could not whinney. We ate only a little cold food since we could not risk making a fire. Redhead, worn out, went quickly to sleep but again I could not take a chance and I stayed awake on watch, every now and then stretching my tired legs and body to keep me awake. It's plain hell to be dead tired and not able even to close your eyes.

With the first break of dawn, we were away,

zig-zagging, trying to keep out of sight. A bunch of horsemen picked up our trail at the last moment, when we were within ten minutes of the Rio Grande, so we made the last of our trip in a hurry. Luckily we hit an easy crossing, without deep water, and soon fell in with a United States cavalry patrol. My job was over, thank God. Redhead, tired out but now free from danger, wanted to show off her sob stuff and all that sort of thing. She tried to put her head on my shoulder to weep, then she wanted to kiss me good-by but I told her to lay off.

Largely because of her I was through with women for the rest of my life. She had led me a merry chase and nearly done for me for good since leaving Tampico. I was glad to see the last of her, as I didn't mind telling her, and away she went with a cavalry escort, acting like a tragedy queen, while I talked with a

cavalry officer for an hour. Then I again took to the Mexican side, not to ride far but to find a little hole deep in the woods to sleep the rest of that day and all the next night. I certainly never had a snooze that I appreciated more or that did me more good.

I never saw Redhead again, but I heard of her, and what I heard sounded exactly like her. Less than a year ago, in Paris, I met an American girl who told me she had come over on the same boat, the *Majestic,* with a very interesting character, who had had a great adventure in Mexico. I had told this American girl of being in Mexico, and how I nearly got branded down there. It seemed Redhead, coming over on the boat, had told this American girl the story of a romantic ride through the bandits of Mexico with a brave American boy, by name Jack Allen, which was the name I was using at that time. She told what a wonderful

romantic time we had, sleeping under the stars, which sounded like her, too. She didn't tell how I made her come off her high horse and do the cooking. Maybe she had forgotten that due to the many adventures she had had since that time.

She had had a number of adventures, she told my American girl friend. Just then she was crossing on the *Majestic* to meet a French viscount, whom she had met in New York, and who promised to come back to New York and marry her, but his family had prevented this, so, her money running short, she was crossing unknown to her viscount to make him marry her. She sent him a wireless to his Paris address, when the *Majestic* was a day out of Cherbourg, but the answer came back from him that he was unexpectedly called down to the Riviera, and he was afraid she had ruined everything with his family by coming over in-

stead of remaining in New York. She said, though, she was certainly going to make him marry her, that he owed it to her and that she would go immediately to the Riviera on landing. I never heard the end of this but I am betting on the viscount. French viscounts will promise marriage at the drop of the hat but they are very active and often hard to catch afterward.

There was another interesting incident which Redhead told to my American girl friend. Redhead, who got very confidential, said she had never been in love really but once in her life, and that was with a married man who had large oil interests down in Tampico and who also worked for the Government on the side down in Mexico City. This was no doubt my friend Dawson. She had his picture in her cabin. She said he was the last man to see her aboard the *Majestic* when she went over to marry the vis-

count, and that it was he who persuaded her to make the trip and lent her the money. Dawson's sailing present to her was a suitcase and hat-box, both very fine, and both marked with the crest and initials of the viscount.

Can you beat this? If so, I have nothing more to say except that, however you look at her, Redhead was a wonder.

My ride back to Mexico City was uninteresting, though hard, since I had already been gone from my post longer than I expected, and I had to hurry. Left to myself, with plenty of money to buy fresh horses, and looking a good deal like a bandit myself, I got through without trouble, managing to collect a good deal of information, valuable both to Obregon and to Uncle Sam.

Two days after my arrival, I ran into Redhead's so-called daddy, which he was, probably, in modern slang, if not in fact. He was

just the type of a man with lots of money who thinks that will settle everything.

"Many thanks, Captain Jack, for saving my daughter. Just make out your bill in round figures."

I pulled a piece of paper toward me. I was mad at her, mad at him for his manner, mad even at myself for letting the incident get under my skin. I made out the bill like this, while he sat watching me to see I didn't put in too much:

6 horses bought, @ $30	$180.
2 horses stolen	0.
Eats (about)	50.
Standing Redhead's temper, at least	1,000.
Total	$1,230.
Experience in women gained	1,230.
Balance to pay	0.

Saying nothing, I handed him the bill. He

laughed but said that of course he would have to pay me my expenses and something over for my trouble. So I said, "All right, there's one thing you can do for me, you can buy me a drink, and I'll drink it to every man that ever made a fool of himself because of a woman." I thought maybe that let us both in, and I think so now, more than ever. Anyway, that's the way we settled that bill.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TEXAS "INVASION"

Soon after I got back to Mexico City, I received instructions from Washington telling me I might use my judgment and return to the States as soon as convenient, as it looked like I could do more good along the border than in Mexico City. Bandits, Villa among them, were raising the devil along the border at this time (1915). But just as I was thinking how I could break up my outfit and get out without causing anybody any trouble, I ran into a little amusement that kept me several weeks longer.

I was walking round company quarters, thinking things over about ten o'clock one morning, when Pinky came in, and said,

"There's a hell of a good-looking woman at headquarters who won't take no for an answer, and said she would just wait till *Mister* Allen arrived." I went to the house where I had headquarters and there, sitting on the window-sill in my living room, was—good God!—Olga, dressed in what must have been the latest thing from Paris or Berlin. I was pleased as could be to see my little playmate from Japan. Not a word about the past but, throwing her arms about me, she said that she could not wait to see me but had just landed at the hotel, coming from Vera Cruz, changed from her traveling clothes, and here she was. (I found out later she had been in Mexico City for six weeks.)

She had a lovely line of patter. She was the most fascinating thing I ever knew in my life. The most fascinating Boche, anyway. But I kept wondering what she was doing in Mexico. Knowing her as I did, I knew she was here

not to see me, but without doubt was working to help Germany. She said she was just passing through on her way to Japan, and stopped off to see me, hearing I was there. After I left her, late that night, I walked about for hours, trying to figure her out. I came to the conclusion that she must have thought I had seen her, and had her number anyway, so it would be better for her to come to see me, and try to put me off my guard by being as friendly as ever. At the same time I knew she was really affectionate toward me. Women can fake many things but that is hard. At last I threw myself on my bed, wishing I had her arms around me, even as much as I feared her.

I began to study her movements, her friends, and, by putting one thing against the other, decided that she was building up a good line of propaganda for her Fatherland. Everyone knew she was German. Just to take no chances,

I asked Washington to send me a couple of good men to watch her, as I did not have the time, and of course she knew me too well for me to shadow her. But the men found out nothing new about her, and if she had not let slip to me one night about having an appointment with a certain American then living in Mexico City, we might have been forever in the dark. I had this man watched, and as he made a meeting place for several nights late at her apartment, I decided to look him over one evening before he arrived. He might have something on him that it would be interesting to see. Such proved to be the case.

Two men held him up at the point of their guns, and emptied his pockets of all papers, as well as about everything else that was loose about him. During this time I was in Olga's apartment, just talking about things in general as usual, when he dashed in and cried, "I

have been robbed, held up by two Mexican highwaymen, and lost everything." Of course I knew all right who the Mexican highwaymen were, but I pretended great astonishment, hoping to fool both him and Olga, and asked what he had lost. I said maybe I could get his things back for him.

But Olga said to him at once: "Just go home, boy, and rest up. Then come back tomorrow and we'll talk about it." As he left Olga came over to the other side of the table, and pointing a little revolver at me, said: "Give up, Jack, this is some more of your work."

"Are you crazy, Olga? Do I know what you are doing here? Point that pea-shooter another way. If it went off you might lose a good friend."

However, she continued the comic opera stuff for an hour at least, when she let me go

with a good God-damn, and a loving gesture as though she wanted to take me in her arms. I hurried back to headquarters to look over the stuff we had got off our American friend, and found hell in large letters. The American was the go-between for the German-American propagandists and Olga, the agent of Berlin. One of the papers we had seized contained the names of some of our leading men, and one of them was a colonel in the United States army, all of them paid agents of Germany. Neither Olga nor the American was to be found the next day, and Olga only left a little letter of thanks for me.

Later, in 1917, the colonel was arrested in New York. He had a house in Los Angeles, and both his apartment in New York and his house in Los Angeles were gone over with a fine tooth comb. It made quite a sensation in the papers at the time. Plenty of information

was found to prove that, even though a West Pointer, the colonel had been in the pay of the Fatherland since childhood. The Fatherland had even sent him to West Point. Germany takes her time and her organization is wonderful. The colonel was sent back to Germany, with the boat load of internes who went to Amsterdam soon after the armistice, and he will have a hard time if he ever comes back; but there are plenty more like him in the United States at the present time. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we do not deal with such agents as severely as they are dealt with in other countries. But we have most of them where we can put our finger on them, at that. We aren't so slow.

Now, with this job done, it was possible for me to break up my outfit and slip out of Mexico, in a nice way, if possible, but get out anyway. Some of my men decided to stay on, for

they were getting good pay for very little work. Ferguson, or "Snake," as he was called, —whom I had known in Nicaragua,—took several of the men and arranged to have a machine-gun outfit of his own. I gave him the guns as a present.

Before leaving Mexico City, however, I thought it might be a good idea to have a good-by game of poker with "Snake," who had a great reputation. He was crooked as a snake, but he did it so well, not overdoing it at any time, that it was almost a pleasure to lose to him. He certainly could handle the cards, but Pinky and Turner and I had played with him so often, and watched him so closely, that he could no longer get away with as much as formerly. There were us four, and two others, a Spaniard and an American, all well-heeled, who sat down to that game.

We played along for a couple of hours,

everything going straight, and as luck was with me I managed to win quite a pile. So I thought "Snake" would soon be springing something. Sure enough, he gouged me for two good pots, and though I was sure there was crooked work somewhere, I couldn't catch him.

It was soon after this that I picked up a full-house, three good aces and a small pair. I had been watching extra careful, and thought they came to me on the level, even though "Snake" was dealing. We had soon raised everybody else out of the pot, "Snake" sticking to me, and raising the ante every time I dropped in a handful of chips. When finally I quit, and stood pat, I saw him look sad. He knew I was watching him like a hawk, and so were Pinky and Turner, and he would have a hard time getting over anything. He had to draw one card, which I figured was for a flush, and probably he knew where the card he

needed was. He drew, fiddling around a little for luck, and when I picked up my hand, just to be sure it was right, I had six cards. He had slipped me another while everybody was looking, but nobody could see it, so my hand was dead. He began to bet. I began to study my hand.

I saw him, and raised him. There was a part of a sandwich beside my plate. I remembered a story I had heard about a game like this. While he was counting out his chips to see me and raise back, I put my extra card into the sandwich, raising it to my mouth and pretending to look inside it so he wouldn't notice, for I knew he was watching me, although he didn't know for sure, of course, whether I had noticed that extra card. He raised me a hundred dollars. I raised him back a hundred, taking a big bite of the sandwich, eating card and all. We raised back and forth till finally he got suspi-

cious and called. He had his flush, all right, and he couldn't count more than five cards in my hand, three aces and a small pair.

"I'm sorry, Captain Jack," he said, "but I sure saw six cards in your hand, that was why I was betting." He asked if I minded if he searched me. I told him, no, of course not, that he must have been mistaken. By the time he thought to count the pack, I had changed it for another, which was lucky because there was one card missing in the old one, the card I had eaten.

The game went on, with "Snake" pretty disgusted, knowing he had been got around, or maybe made a mistake somewhere when he flipped that extra card over to me. I looked for him to start something else soon, when he had a deal. It had got so I was about the only man who was not afraid to play with him when he dealt and this hurt his pride. The next time

he dealt he called for a new deck, with changed backs, which, of course, made my straight flush no good. Nobody played with him, even though I had a pretty good hand, for I saw he was out for revenge, and I wanted to be prepared. It took me quite a little while to get me a little straight flush out of the new pack, holding out a card at a time. Then I was ready.

Soon he dealt me four deuces to start. "All aboard!" I said, opening for two hundred dollars. There must have been some other good hands, or maybe the liquor was getting in its work on the others, for we had two stayers when it got around to "Snake," who raised me the same. It was like the other time, "Snake" and I raising the two other stayers out before the ante raising was over. Then he had the nerve to draw two cards, asking Pinky to draw them for him. I played him for fours, just a little higher than mine, and that, of course, was

what he had. But he had smelled a mouse even before the show-down, and only sighed deeply when he saw my straight-flush. The others had been betting on whether "Snake" or I would win the pot, so that the table was covered with money when the show-down came. I then offered to bet "Snake" a thousand dollars against the guns I had given him, on one hand cold, to be thrown by one of the others; but he said, no, that if he was a snake I was a gimlet, and he knew when he was licked. I may have won several battles and contests of other sorts in my life but of them all this poker game with "Snake" gave me about as much satisfaction.

Turner, Pinky, and I went to Vera Cruz, and in due time arrived in New Orleans. There I found instructions for me to await orders. We blew in most of our money while waiting, then I was ordered to travel along the border, going back and forth between the Mexican side

and our patrols, to keep our men informed. De la Rosa's bandit outfit was then beginning to raise hell, and I later joined up with it to put it out of commission, as related later.

The border was an unhealthy place at that time. It was just as dangerous, on the American side even, as any of the bandit-infested parts of Mexico. The raw soldiers on guard on our side helped to make things lively. It was especially bad after the New York National Guard came down, in 1916. Nervous, white-faced office clerks had no business on the border. But even our regular army had units that were bad enough, as shown by the famous battle of Capoti Ranch. This battle is still legend in the army, and as I happened to get into the middle of it I had a good chance to see how funny it was.

I have never seen such worn out and down-to-the-trigger nerves as those of the nineteen

doughboys stationed at Capoti Ranch. Although Hidalgo was only six miles further on, I had asked permission to stay the night with them, as I was about all in, having done fifty miles since sun-up. Lieutenant North, in command, and I sat up more than an hour, talking over the situation, which was bad enough from all angles. The principal reason for worry was de la Rosa, with a few thousand bandits, camped on the other side of the Rio Grande, with a grand idea of invading the United States. He was so ignorant that he was dangerous. It was his idea to cross the Rio Grande and make a new Mexico, with himself as king, of that part of Texas west of Brownsville and on into the Great Bend Country. He thought it would be easy for him to lick the United States with his bandit army, and hold the part of Texas he had picked out for his own. He argued that all this part of Texas really be-

longed to Mexico, anyway, having been taken away by force by the United States in the Mexican War. It was to him like a little Alsace-Lorraine on our own border.

Even if we could soon get him stopped there was a chance, we knew, for such a raid into the United States as would make Villa's little affair look cheap. If de la Rosa got over with his army, it meant death for the ranchers, and worse for their women, all conquered women being turned over to the Mexican soldiers as playthings. This section of Texas offered specially good pickings just then, because it had just completed a good irrigation system; land was being sold fast, even booming in Iowa and surrounding States, with settlers and their goods coming in streams. All this fairly made de la Rosa's mouth water. He was a bandit of the general order of Villa, Orozco, Pelaez, and others, ready for anything.

To hold him in check, a regiment of infantry was scattered along the Rio Grande, holding little posts about ten miles apart, connected by a field telephone that never worked. We had a fine army in those days, and maybe our little trouble with Mexico at that time, giving us practice and showing how weak we were, kept us from making more mistakes in the World War than we did. Since the field telephone was no good, each detail was supplied with sky rockets, one to be sent up at the first sign of attack and two if help was needed. Very few of these soldiers had seen action, and never against bandits. With rumors coming in day after day of ranches raided and cruelties done, one cannot blame them if they wanted a little action. As Capoti Ranch was in ruins from previous raids, the detail under Lieutenant North made a little fort of fallen trees and dirt, with a little trench in front, and

placed their tents inside. They set double guards each night who because of frayed nerves and tired eyes, saw with each moonbeam a person crouching under a bush, or darting from one tree to another.

It seemed I had scarcely fallen asleep when *Blow-ey!* went a rifle. I quickly rolled out of the moonlight, which exposed me where I was sleeping rolled in a blanket, and got into the shadow of a tent. *Blow-ey! Blow-ey! Blow-ey!* It sounded as if no advance post had run into us, but instead the whole damned bunch, in which case we were in a pretty mess. The firing continued. It sounded like every man in the fort was doing his best to empty his gun belt and bandoliers of ammunition.

North was a wonder. "Comb the bushes, boys! Send every damn Spick to hell! We're good for a hundred each!"

As the bandits did not charge, and I heard

no bullets in the air around us, I suggested that fire be held until the bandits showed themselves again. But North said nothing doing, his nerves were triggered, too. The bombardment went on, fiercer than ever.

Being quite a seasoned fighter, and knowing the ways of the bandits for some years, I offered to slip out into the chaparral, look around, and report to North how large a force had attacked. He said all right, but what a fool I was. Before I had even reached the shelter of the chaparral, somebody had the bad taste to send up the two rockets asking for help which, of course, lit up the country bright as day for several seconds. If there was any Mexican nearer than a mile, he couldn't help but see me. I reached the safety of some shadows, making the last fifty yards in nothing with several seconds to spare. I dodged quickly from tree to tree, straining ears and eyes in all

directions, seeing nothing and hearing only the continued firing from the fort.

When a sudden noise, like thunder, rolled through the air, I wondered what the devil could it be. A battle at another outpost? At last I had it. The cavalry at Hidalgo were on their way to our help, and the thunder was caused by their horses crossing a little bridge on the way. Now I could hear them down the road, coming at a gallop, hell bent for leather. I stopped close to a tree, my mind feeling easier. Now I could hear the steady pound of their hoofs, straining leather, their arms clinking. Capoti saved and our line along the river not broken! No ugly gaps for the hell pot to boil over on American soil.

Gallop, gallop, then a sliding stop, horses pulled back till their feet ground on the earth. "Fight on foot! Action right!"

I galvanized into action. Good God, I was

right in their line of action, and they were not two hundred yards away. Nothing big enough to hide behind, no time to reach the gulley that ran fifty yards the other side of the camp. I flattened myself out on the ground, to the tune of their rifles and lead, in a little depression leading down to the life-saving gully. It seemed about three inches deep, but I was happy even for that, and would have given years of life for a few inches more of cover as their lead sang its wicked tune several inches above me. They certainly were careless about wasting ammunition, their officers yelling for the men to keep the lead going. Must be part of their education to comb the bushes, but mighty unpleasant to be in the bushes when the combing was being done. I crawled on in the direction of the gully, my belly filling with cactus every inch I made, till at last I was in safety. Then I circled around, and got behind

them on the road, which of course is what any bandit or bunch of bandits would have done, but I took chances on their ignorance. If I had had my horse, I would have ridden on, for they were too free with their shooting to suit me, but I had to get back to the fort and risk the chance that they would pot me on sight and wait for explanations afterward. I decided on the middle of the road and walked into camp without being even challenged. By this time they were all on the other side of the camp, where they thought the bandits had been.

God sure protects fools!

North, strutting around, greeted me. "Well, old bandit, we stopped them! Just take no chances with the yellow-bellied bastards, that's my motto!"

It was a camp of heroes, boasting:

"I got five!"

"Hell, is that all?"

I walked around the camp, then again rolled into my blanket to try and get some sleep since I had to be in the saddle at dawn. I was thinking how funny it was that I hadn't heard the singing of lead when the attack began. Mexicans shoot high, and there was not even a hole in any tent top. Funny fight. I hadn't seen a sign of a bandit, and the only lead I heard was moulded in our own arsenals.

As day began to break, they all went out to count their bandit dead. No bandits laying around, not a sign of a bandit, dead or alive, anywhere, and at last, puzzled, they had to report that the only casualties were three of our horses which had been wandering about, like myself, and been too big to escape the rain of lead. Hell. It looked fine. Midnight rifle flashes and cavalry dashes, but in the morning it sure looked raw. In a few days it got to be

one big laugh all along the border, and the Mexicans heard about it, too, on their side, which wasn't so good. They already despised the gringos, thinking that one Mexican could outfight a dozen American soldiers. This incident didn't improve their opinion of us.

I saddled my old horse, while they were still puzzling over all those dead Mexicans that had disappeared during the night, and started for Hidalgo. They kindly suggested that I wait for the cavalry, which was soon going back, and could protect me, but I said I guessed I wouldn't wait. I passed several Mexican families on the march, with their little carts filled with odd sticks of furniture, chickens, pigs, and what-not. Curiosity got the best of me. I said to one of the men:

"Good day, señor, where are you going?"

"Back to Mexico. It's no longer safe here, and there we have trouble only now and then.

Do you know, señor, last night, when your soldiers went *loco,* my family and I stayed in our little cellar, praying to the Virgin to save us, and this morning I counted eighty-seven holes in my dobe walls. Adios, señor, I must be on the other side before dark."

Oh, yes, another thing the Capoti boys found in the morning was a little Mexican dog which had given birth to five pups in the front trench. The little beast had probably been wandering around, like myself and the three horses, to see what she could find, and the excitement had been too much for her.

Soon after the fight at Capoti, a bunch of fifty bandits attacked the Hermosa Ranch but were driven off by the ranchers. On their way to the Rio Grande, the bandits could not resist the temptation to stop and carry off the pretty little American school-teacher at the village of Hermosa. She had her nerve to keep

on teaching school in the condition things then were in along the border.

I was riding with Captain Bill, of the Texas Rangers, and several of his men, along the River Road when we got the word.

It is worth while to tell you about Captain Bill. I think his last name was Hansley, or something like that, but everybody knew him by the name of Captain Bill. He had been a ranger for twenty-five years, had squinty blue eyes always closed about to a slit and a lined face burnt brick-red by the heat. He was a man who feared neither man, God, nor devil, nor the United States Army, and like lightning on the draw. He was proud that he held his authority from Texas, and was always sore at Washington for butting in down there. Let Texas give him a few more good men, he said, and he would do more than all the American regulars and National Guard, and I think

he was right. We were good friends, I having shown Bill a little trick in drawing whereby he could save a part of a second. It was this way. Bill was long-armed, and he walked about usually with his arms swinging straight down from his shoulders. I used to kid him about this, showing him that the man who carries his arms always crooked at the elbows, with his hands near the stocks of his guns, has the advantage. All good gun fighters keep their arms this way, out at the sides, ready for action. Bill soon caught the idea and thanked me for it. In a country where men carry gats, he who pulls the quickest lives the longest.

Word about the school-teacher came by a little Mexican boy. The school-teacher was loved by all her Mexican children, and as soon as the bandits arrived a little chap, about twelve years old, ducked for the tree where his cayuse was tied, and started down the road,

looking for help. Luckily, we were not far away. After the boy had nearly run us down, it took several moments to get his excited mind quiet enough to tell about the teacher. Bill's level head lost no time. He ordered all but four of his men to cover the fords, and stop anything from crossing. Then we started for the school-house, keeping well in the cover of the trees along the side of the road.

As the bandits started to cross the road, two of them dragging the school-teacher, who was kicking, biting, and fighting for all she was worth, we opened fire, each of us getting our man. Leaving the school-teacher in the middle of the road, all the bandits started for Mexico.

Only losing time to yell good luck to the school-teacher as we passed by, we went after them, chasing them toward the nearest ford, plugging them down as they rode. When they found they were between two fires, with half

a dozen rangers guarding the ford, they lost heart, and twenty-seven of them threw down their arms, crying for mercy. They were all that were left of about fifty, and only a few had escaped. The Texas Rangers had the Indian sign on the Mexicans, all right.

We took them back a few miles, so as to guard against any help coming from the other side. On the way, Bill and I had a little council of war. Of course de la Rosa was camped on the other side of the Rio Grande with his army, and this band of raiders was probably sent out by him to try the strength on our side before he made his big attack. But Bill was of the opinion that some one on our side was coöperating with de la Rosa, and that this leader planned the raid. Bill wanted to find out who this leader was. So did I, and any information I could pick up about de la Rosa would also be welcome. For I was soon, I knew, to join

de la Rosa's army, and help him out in his little scheme to invade Texas.

Bill had no idea of turning our bandits over to the courts in Edinburg. He couldn't spare the men to guard them there, and besides the courts had a habit lately of letting them off. So Bill said he thought he had the right idea. He ordered, "Line 'em up, boys," in his Texas drawl. "And if any of the bastards move out of line, don't waste words, just ventilate 'em." He always talked slow and smooth, never raising his voice, never getting excited.

Bill's Rangers lined them up. By this time, they were praying about a mile a minute. Bill, his thumbs hooked into the lower pockets of his vest handy to his gun butts, looked them over. Then he walked up to the first one in the line, and said:

"Guess you'll do some talking along the line I want you to. Give me the name of your

leader, the man who brought you over here, within one minute or hell-ward you go, savey?" With this Bill took out his watch and snapped open the lid.

"Señor captain, I know not. For the love of the Virgin Mary, do not shoot!"

Of course we expected this—it is death to any of them to reveal news of their leaders. They are branded as traitors, can never rejoin their outfits and are hunted down and killed.

Captain Bill only said, "You're wasting a lot of good time, and saying nothing." Then, as the man continued to beg and pray, he turned away, walked a few steps, snapped his watch shut, and, with a lightning twist of his wrist, he had pulled his gun. *Blowey!* and the Mexican crumpled in a heap.

Looking at the next in line, Bill drawled: "Better start talking. There's a minute of life ahead of you. Choose which path you'll take."

Then he snapped open his big old hunting-case watch again, and squinted at it. But this one, like the first, just prayed to the Virgin Mary, and refused to come across. Again that lightning draw, and another bandit went to hell. This continued until only about twelve were left out of the twenty-seven. If praying smooths the road to heaven, the last of them must have slid there. Bill said it was lucky he had plenty of ammunition. He took his time, was as regular as clockwork. When he had used up all the cartridges in his two guns, twelve shots with twelve Mexicans down, he stood there on one leg, reloading the guns, as if he had all day to do it. But I could see how he was breaking down the nerves of the Mexicans who were left. They prayed harder than ever, acting as if they were almost crazy with interest in their prayers. It was that praying to the Virgin Mary that kept them from

talking for we were sure they knew something. it was a great illustration of the power of prayer.

Finally, when Bill had done for about fifteen of them, the next one weakened and came through with the information we were after. We gave him a good quizzing, to which he answered straight, and about confirmed our suspicions. Then Bill gave instructions to several of his men to take all the rest of the Mexicans to Edinburg and turn them over to the law. I was surprised that he would do such a thing, knowing how the Mexicans would talk, since our court-martial had been a little irregular, and the courts at Edinburg were all for doing everything in due course, even if they had to turn loose every bandit the Rangers caught. But it was all right: I heard later that on the way to jail the Mexicans tried to escape, and all of them were killed.

In this way the Rangers guarded the boarder and saved much expense and trouble. When bandits were caught, they were nearly always killed before they were turned over to the authorities—always, of course, while trying to escape. It was peculiar how the bandits never learned how hard it was to escape from Texas Rangers.

Now, having found out the name of the leader, Bill gave orders to his outposts to be on the lookout. This outlaw leader was a man named Pascal, a lieutenant under de la Rosa. He spent much of his time on the American side, pretending to have business, and being protected by the American laws. It would have been hard to find a more heartless person in Mexico, and it's a country where they breed that type of rattlesnake. Bill had suspected him for a long time.

Several days later, while I was at Aguas-

calientes, I received a message from Captain Bill saying that he had Pascal and would like me to ride over, in case I wanted to ask any questions, but that I was not to mention the matter to anybody else. When I arrived, the "investigation" had already started. Bill was conducting a little court of his own, no wrangling of lawyers trying to beat justice and generally doing it, but a he-man court of justice, where the issue was solely between right and wrong. And Bill, leading his straight and hard life, was worthy of being the judge and the court. Pascal had by now given up all hopes of living,—what Mexican bandit did not when captured by the Rangers?—and seemed to think that calling on the saints, between his story of crime, might help to open the door of heaven. He would talk about his crimes but talk about what de la Rosa intended doing, he would not. No doubt death by the Rangers was

easy compared to the torture of de la Rosa, if he talked.

Bill gave him plenty of time, but at last getting angry and, no doubt, fed up on his line of prayer and crime, decided to take another method to make him talk.

"Sandy," he drawled to a near-by Ranger, "put a rope around this bastard's neck, and we'll see if a little stretching won't do him good."

So a rope was put around Pascal's neck, and he was lifted into the air with his hands tied behind him. Then he was let down again, about the time his tongue began to come out, and asked to do a little talking. He began, as soon as he could get back his voice, to make more prayers to his saints. Time after time he was hauled up into the air and let down to the ground, always with the same results, talking of everything but not a word of de la Rosa.

If we hadn't had the goods on him, and knew that this was the way the Mexicans acted, we might have begun to suspect he didn't know anything about de la Rosa after all. But anyway, as Bill said, he had confessed crimes enough to deserve hanging ten times over.

The last time he must have hung too long because when lowered he had passed out. Turning his back, Bill drawled to me, "Hell, Jack, long trip you made for nothing." But I said, which was true, that I would be glad to make a longer trip for the pleasure of Captain Bill's company. We sat up about half the night over a couple of good bottles, he telling about his adventures, all with wise comments, in his slow, drawling voice.

The news of his capture of Pascal had gone abroad and a major of some New York outfit, just arrived on the border, came into our camp the following morning. In a very snappy

manner he demanded: "Are you the captain of the Rangers?"

"I s'pose I am," drawled Bill, "not having heard nothing lately to the contrary."

"You have a bandit, by the name of Pascal, and I want him turned over to me without delay, so he can be tried by the military courts. In fact, I'll take him now, Captain."

"Guess I haven't got him, Major."

Angry, now, by the indifference of this Ranger captain, the major said: "What in hell have you done with him? Do you mean to say you've been so careless as to let him get away?"

Bill's face settled into a little smile of amusement.

"Looka here, Major, the State of Texas never asks me where a prisoner is, nor what I have done with him. They trust to my judgment. But seeing you are new in this country,

and if it will help you any, I'll just *tell* you. While we were stretching his neck a little, to help his voice, we musta let him hang too long; anyway, the dirty skunk up and died on us. It was thoughtless of him, cause we wanted to hear him talk. He's down in the chaparral, now, near the ford, as a kind of gentle hint to others of his kind that the Texas Rangers are lookin' after this particular spot on the border. I don't think it would do you any good to see him, cause by now he must be gettin' a leetle *strong,* yep, jest a leetle. And you don't look to me, Major, like you'd care for things of that sort."

The major looked a good deal like he had just come out of a bandbox, and before that, maybe, out of some swivel chair. He had sense enough not to kick up any row, though of course he had his chance if he wanted to, but he just went away, looking dignified, while we

all laughed at him, and climbed back into his limousine.

Limousines now began to be quite popular along the border, and a man riding along the roads could meet almost as many generals and such as in Mexico. The New York National Guard came down, the men as bad as the officers, nervous, pasty-faced soldier boys, always getting sick or having accidents, so ready to shoot that there was danger going out at night. They did get good training and hardening down there which, of course, was something. I was especially interested in that fancy, hard-drinking, flabby-muscled outfit, Squadron A, from New York City. All of them had a good stock of booze cached under the floor boards of their tents, and I had a good time drinking with them, keeping them out of trouble when they got tight, arguing with them when, loaded with liquid courage, they tried to start little

unofficial invasions of Mexico. It's a wonder half of them weren't killed. One night several of them got me to get them some civilian clothes, and we all went to a dance at Reynosa, on the Mexican side of the border. I was nearly white-headed before I got them back to our side and slipped into their quarters, so their civies wouldn't be noticed. They were a great bunch. One of them even had a private car, with servants and his wife, at McAllen, where they had their headquarters. Private cars for privates. But they were about the pick of the bunch at that. The National Guard was worse, so far as soldiering went.

The war was going strong in Europe now, (1916), and our Government was anxious to have peace in Mexico, not knowing when we would have other fish to fry. In spite of the soreness of Carranza at America, we had recognized him as the provisional president of

Mexico. This was not because he had shown he could govern or been regularly elected, but because he had the greater part of the country under his control—no thanks to him but to Obregon and myself. Villa's pride was hurt by our recognition of Carranza, especially since he had offered to arbitrate with us and the A.B.C. powers at Niagara Falls, while Carranza had refused. Villa realized that the cards had been stacked against him, so he organized a war on Americans in general, which finally resulted in the Pershing expedition, after the Villa raid. Any sort of precautions on the part of our soldiers down there would have averted this. No wonder the Mexicans despised us after that.

The Pershing expedition was maybe not so much to get Villa, as to show Carranza and the other Mexicans that we meant business, and also to tune up our own military forces

a little. They sure needed it. How rotten they were was shown by that expedition when a whole troop was mowed down because of pure pig-headedness in going through a town instead of around it, as everybody knows. Anyway, there were a lot of queer things about that expedition, and I always will think they could have got Villa if they had wanted to. Maybe the word was to leave Villa to keep Carranza busy, fighting fire with fire. I know for a fact that a big bunch of United States Cavalry was once within two hours of Villa, while his horses were exhausted and ours were fresh, but our cavalry stopped, they said, to rest. It certainly was a black eye for us when we came home, dragging our tails behind us, Villa still free, and Carranza sorer than ever. A good deal of our present trouble with Mexico can be laid to that bum expedition.

Now, however, with Villa still playing

doggo in the West, it was up to me to watch de la Rosa, who was getting ready to start his little campaign to invade and cut out a part of Texas. With good letters and under another name, I joined his army, as I had previously joined the army of Orozco. De la Rosa thought it would be a good idea if I acted as a spy for him, going frequently across the border to tell him when the time was ripe for his invasion. This idea suited me very well, except that there was always the danger he would get on to my real status, when I would last about as long as a calico dog chasing an asbestos cat through hell.

De la Rosa had about five thousand men which he was drilling and trying to work into shape. They were scattered along the border between points about opposite Brownsville and Hidalgo, Texas, with the main body about twenty miles west of Brownsville, not far from

Capoti Ranch, where there were three fords across the Rio Grande within about ten miles. The way Pinky and Turner and I went over to join his outfit was a scream. The three of us, about ten o'clock one morning, came to the American end of the Brownsville Bridge. There was always, of course, a United States outfit, with a machine-gun, guarding our end of the bridge while a Mexican outfit, with another machine-gun, was guarding the Mexican end.

We were each of us carrying a machine-gun in a boot on the horses we rode, and we had a packhorse loaded with ammunition. It was the rule that everybody had to walk across the bridge, no riding, so while Pinky and Turner dismounted and began walking their horses and the packhorse across toward the other side, I sat on my horse, handing a little palaver to the doughboy who was on guard beside the

machine-gun. Of course all our guns and ammunition, being contraband, were covered with blankets and the guard not suspecting that anybody would try to start anything at that time in the morning, in the broad daylight, was not more than half awake. So, when Pinky and Turner got a good start, I let out a whoop, spurring my horse, and lit out after them. They immediately jumped onto their horses, and away the three of us went roaring and pounding over that long bridge, getting safe across before either the guard at our end or the Mexican machine-gunner at the other end had time to send a shot after us.

The Mexican, of course, thought we were deserters, and had put something over on the American guard, especially since the boys back there unlimbered their guns and fired a few bursts into the river, after we were out of sight, just to show they were on the job. Once a

United States machine-gunner, guarding our end of the bridge, picked up his gun and deserted to the Mexicans, and there were quite a few deserters from time to time, when word got around that some bandit chief, like de la Rosa, was offering big money, or money that looked big by comparison with the thirteen dollars a month then paid to our doughboys. So Pinky and Turner and I rode on to find de la Rosa.

We came on his headquarters about twenty miles to the West, and offered him our services cheap, for he was a good bargainer. It would have been dangerous for us to have tried to ride away with our guns. He would have kept the guns and a burial squad would have finished with us. However, I got eight hundred dollars a month for the services of the three of us, and our three guns, which wasn't so bad. He had another gun, which he turned over to

us, giving us four guns, and he also gave us about twenty Mexican helpers, so I once more had quite a respectable little outfit.

For about two months, none of the three of us more than left the camp, for we had to get into his confidence. I sent out what information was needed by bribing Mexican runners. De la Rosa soon made me one of his chief lieutenants, and I was in on all their councils of war. The dope we had got was straight; de la Rosa was really planning to cut out a part of Texas and start a little Mexican heaven, or hell, of his own there. He had good contour maps of that section of Texas. While he was drilling his army, which was little more than a mob, it was his pastime to stick pins in these maps, showing how he would cut into Texas, and establish his headquarters at Phar, where our own headquarters of the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, then were. Every few days, he would

make a raid, sometimes on a Mexican town, sometimes on some Texas ranch across the river, but he did not raid a great deal across the river, finding that it was not healthy.

This was late in 1915, before the New York National Guard had come down; in fact, the Twenty-Eighth Infantry had only recently come, being moved to Phar from the state fair at Dallas, after we had heard rumors of de la Rosa's bright idea of an invasion. By the first of the year I had so got into de la Rosa's confidence that I went about as I pleased, sometimes on the Mexican side, again on our side, of the Rio Grande. I wore a white brassard when I was on the American side, showing I was a civilian on military duty. Of course, if any of de la Rosa's men had caught me with that white brassard it would have meant good night for me. On the American side, I was always in danger of being taken for a spy be-

cause sunbrowned as I was by this time I looked a good deal like a Mexican. While crossing from one side to the other, also, I was always in danger of being plugged by some fool Mexican or doughboy who would rather shoot than talk.

I, of course, agreed with de la Rosa and his staff, about ten of us altogether, that he would have no difficulty in crossing the Rio Grande, beating back the fool gringos, and looting all of Texas he wanted to, afterward holding it for himself, with his capital at Phar. I tried to get him to hurry up and make his attack, for we were ready for him and his so-called army at any time, and the longer things went on without action the better trained his army would be. For myself, the longer things went on in this way, the more likely I was to meet a bullet going one way while I was going the other. So I urged action.

But de la Rosa, for all his ignorance, was cagey. He said that he must not only wipe out the Twenty-Eighth Infantry and the Fourth Cavalry, then guarding that section, but give them such a licking that he could hold the country afterward. It wasn't just a looting raid he was after, but a conquest. Once more, as with Orozco, I talked about Cortez. But de la Rosa did not fall as easily as Orozco had. Picture a little man, about sixty years old, clean-shaven, clean-cut, hard as nails, and a clean liver. He had a little mouth, with thin lips, and a cruel twist to the corner of his mouth when he got excited, but I never saw him do any really cruel thing, although he permitted anything. Fighting, raiding, and stealing women were common with his troops. If one man killed another, that was the end of it, and de la Rosa would look on at the fight.

He was a wonderful orator with a real silver

tongue. He could talk to his troops, or to his staff officers, and they would do anything. One interesting thing about him was that, when he was excited, his nostrils worked like those of an animal. They twitched and wriggled when he made speeches. He could go into a town and talk about the federal soldiers, how they mistreated the poor people, leaving their horses in the poor man's corn-field while they robbed the poor man's house till everybody was cheering for him, and joining his army.

Finally, in the latter part of January, or the first of February, 1916, he called the ten of us together, myself and the other staff officers and commanders of units, and said that his great attack would take place in the next ten days. Mexicans never raid on dark nights, always with moonlight, and the moon was then full. I at once informed our headquarters in Phar. We were as ready as de la Rosa and his

bunch when, one morning, he announced that the attack would take place that night. His main body was to go by the middle ford, not far from Capoti Ranch, while other smaller outfits were to cross at the two other fords, about five miles below and above the middle one.

I told Pinky and Turner to stay there and only get out about the time the attack was to start, and ride in the direction of the Brownsville Bridge, leaving their guns put out of action if they could. But they must wait till the attack started, to send news if there was any change. They could cross up toward Brownsville. Then I hit for the other side and called up our headquarters about noon. I was sent with four guns, a lieutenant, and about twenty men to cover the middle ford, while a gun and squad was planted at each of the other two fords. The reserves were held ready to

come if needed. I did not think they would be needed, although I would have preferred a few more guns, and, most of all, some of my good old roughnecks to handle them. What the American doughboy machine-gunner didn't know about machine-guns in those days would have filled a library. And, of course, they were all green men, nervous and excitable, almost as bad as the Mexicans they were up against, worse in some ways.

Just the same, I placed my four guns so that I thought I could guarantee a nice little massacre, three guns sweeping the river and one a little back, to catch de la Rosa with a sweeping fire. The Rio Grande was only about 150 yards wide, with thick cover on each bank, a fine place for an ambush. We moved into position after dark, and I had the lieutenant in charge order his men to keep to cover, say nothing, do no smoking, not even light a

match; most important, under no circumstances to fire a gun until I gave the word. As de la Rosa had no big guns, and now his machine-guns would be poorly manned with Pinky and Turner already on the run, I thought it was best to keep the support of cavalry and infantry well in the rear. If I could sweep the other bank, and get a cross fire on the mounted men in the river, the Rio Grande would be renamed the Bloody River. Even if my machine-guns were poorly manned, we ought to give de la Rosa a lesson that would last him for some time.

It was a wonderful, clear, bright moonlight night, just the night for a Mexican raid, but as time went by and nothing happened, I began to worry. If we stayed there all night, and nothing happened, I would look as big a fool as a lot of others along the border, who were always yelling wolf. The men in the little out-

fit around me, excited out of their skins, got careless, and began to talk. I thought I could even hear them mentioning that I had been fooled, that there were no Mexicans within a hundred miles of us. I told the lieutenant to order them to keep quiet and he very kindly did his best.

Finally, it must have been along about two o'clock in the morning, a mounted Mexican rode out of the brush on the opposite bank, slid his horse down the bank to the river edge, and calmly rode up and down in the moonlight, looking things over. It was a sight that did me good. They were coming, after all. I had felt sure Pinky and Turner would have let me know had there been any change in de la Rosa's plans. The Mexican rode up and down, only about 150 yards away, and we could see him perfectly as he looked over the ground. He wasn't expecting to find any guard at the ford,

in fact I had assured de la Rosa that there would be no gringos there that night; so after a few moments, he called in a loud voice to come on, that everything was all right. I heard the sound of straining leather—de la Rosa's main outfit, just in the background, now coming forward. My plan was working fine.

I looked at the machine-gun nearest me, and saw that the gunner was all set, hand on the trigger. Just then some doughboy, with the squad around one of the other machine-guns, a few rods away, let loose with his rifle, *Blowey!* I jumped to my feet, so mad I was nearly crazy. Then, what does the damn fool machine-gunner next me do but begin to let loose a burst. I jumped in, and with hands and feet laid out the gunner, and two other doughboys who were getting their rifles to their shoulders, wild to shoot. With all their shooting at that Mexican only 150 yards away, he was unhurt,

and just rolled off his horse and scuttled up the bank, the horse following him. I continued to lay around with hands and feet, as I would have done with my own roughnecks, to make them all keep quiet. But de la Rosa was no fool. He returned to his camp, to await, no doubt, a better time.

I caught the devil from the commanding officer for laying out those doughboys, but they had certainly crabbed a big game. If I had only had a few of my roughnecks with me, even only Pinky and Turner and me with a gun apiece, there would have been a far different end to this affair, I am sure. For one thing, we would have saved the Government several million dollars in transporting a lot of schoolboys down to the border and keeping them there for months. It was after this miserable fiasco that the New York National Guard came down, all the newspapers reporting that

de la Rosa was much more dangerous than he was, the whole country getting excited over nothing.

How good our military outfit was at stopping raiders was shown, a few months later, when Villa raided Columbus and got away with it. But at least some of the training may have helped when later we got into the World War.

After this affair I made several long trips through the north of Mexico, looking for German agents who were reported to be busy there, but I found nothing of interest. The German agents were busy in Mexico City, where Carranza was hoping for a German success in France after which he hoped the Germans would come over and teach us a lesson. I also found out that de la Rosa gave up his little idea of cutting off a part of Texas after the desertion of Pinky, Turner, and me, and

finding out we were really against him. Notice I say he gave up his idea after finding out about how we three stood, and not because of the train loads of National Guard troops and such that then flowed down to the border and paraded around, with limousines and swivel-chair political officers. A word in Villa's ear that Captain Bill of the Rangers, or one or two other Rangers, or Pinky or Turner or Captain Jack was in Columbus, and not just a few dozen doughboys, would have averted a raid there. It is nothing less than a miracle, considering the sort of army we had then, what a good bunch of real soldiers we were able to throw into the battle lines in France. It may be that getting that bunch of New York guardsmen and both infantry and cavalry regulars down on the border, coupled with the raid into Mexico afterward under Pershing, had a lot to do with helping us get an idea how bad

our army was, and what had to be done about it. If this is so, then those two boob doughboys under me, who scared away de la Rosa's scout, did something for their country. With the licking we would have given to de la Rosa if they had only kept quiet a few minutes longer, there would have been no more trouble on the border, nothing more heard from de la Rosa, and Villa himself would never have come over. Those two doughboys started a lot.

After this a few ranches were raided, but generally it was safer on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande than on our side, and I always felt more comfortable when I got out of gunshot of our outfits. Our soldiers were a scandal, and they were treated scandalously. All this was well written up by Floyd Gibbons, the newspaper correspondent, at the time, but perhaps I might mention the Schaffer incident, of which I happened to have inside knowledge.

There is now a monument to Schaffer, down near Aguascalientes, where he and most of his little outfit were wiped out, and Schaffer Field is named after him, but if he had lived he would probably have been court-martialled instead of made a hero. It is much like poor Whittlesey, of the famous Lost Battalion in the Argonne. Although a hero when the pinch came, he knew that he was responsible for getting his men into a terrible hell-hole, and had as much right to a court-martial as to the medal of honor.

Sergeant Schaffer, of the Signal Corps, with a squad of soldiers was out on border patrol, laying telephone wires and repairing the breaks in the rotten field telephone we then had along our side of the border. He decided to stay the night in a little dobe hut near Aguascalientes. The border had been quiet a good while, so with one man on guard walking around the hut the rest went to sleep. They

were allowed to take off their ammunition belts, to give them more comfort, which was the first mistake. The guard, hearing noises in the bushes, reported to Sergeant Schaffer, but Schaffer replied:

"What's the matter, afraid of your own shadow? Get out of here and let me sleep. There are no Mex within ten miles."

After a little while the guard came in again and reported he was sure he had heard noises. So many nights of sleep had been lost through just such reports, with no Mexicans ever appearing, that again the sergeant turned over to go to sleep, telling the man to get the hell out. As the guard stepped out of the hut into the bright moonlight, he was shot from the bushes and a regular fire was opened on the hut. The soldiers, wakened out of a sound sleep, grabbed their rifiles and dashed for the cover of the bushes. Nobody thought of taking

the ammunition belts, hung up in the hut. They had only five rounds apiece in the magazines of their rifles.

Schaffer, realizing the situation after a few moments, dashed back into the hut for the belts. He got in all right, then, his arms full of belts, made another dash for the bushes where his men were. He got to them, but he was riddled with bullets and died. With the extra ammunition, those of his men who were left were able to hold their own until, with the breaking of dawn, the Mexicans slipped away. They left several dead bandits and one dead Jap. I always wondered what that Jap was doing so far from home. After this I spent some time in Mexico, along the border, trying to find if any Jap outfits were there feeling out the situation, with the idea of starting something, like the Germans, in case we got tied up elsewhere. But like the Germans, most of the

Jap intelligence agents were in Mexico City. I was busy in the eastern part of Mexico and in Mexico City during Villa's raid and Pershing's expedition that followed it. The rest of that year and up to April, 1917, when we declared war on Germany, I was kept on the jump, trying to keep track of Carranza and his German and Jap friends. Huerta was also on the loose, looking for a chance to make trouble, and Villa was let live, also, in order to keep Carranza from thinking too much about fighting us. It was a time full of rumors but nothing much doing. I was glad to get away from it and go into a real war, for it was getting to be too much of a sameness.

CHAPTER IX

EUROPE AND THE BIG SHOW

When America declared war on Germany, I asked for a commission, wishing to see some real war after all the bandit stuff I had been through and got tired of. I was at once given a commission as a second lieutenant of machine-guns, and set to training recruits, first at Kelly Field, where I learned to fly in my spare time, then at Fort Sill, then at Chickamauga Park. I was pretty hard-boiled, of course, and didn't much like my training job, so I gave it to them hard. I had to do training in all branches, as well as in my specialty, machine-guns. Once at Chickamauga I took the place of a physical instructor. That morning I had

to give exercises to a bunch of young doctors. I put them through the paces, finishing up with the duck waddle. The next day none of them could report. All laid out with sore legs.

It was here I ran into a conscientious objector. I was putting a squad through bayonet drill, giving it to them strong. I made them cuss as they advanced and stuck the dummies, getting them to hate so they could fight. I was cussing and telling them to "Give it to him in the guts now, the ———," when I noticed one of the men not doing anything. I asked him, not too politely, what he was doing standing there while everybody else was at work. He told me he was a conscientious objector and would not fight. I ordered him to snap into it but he threw down his gun. Quite mad by this time, I gave him a good jab, about an inch of cold steel in the seat of the pants, and again ordered him to get busy. He grabbed his gun

and went to it, going afterward to the hospital to get sewed up. But some good religious people were out that day watching the drill, so I caught the devil and all my good work in curing that conscientious objector went for nothing. The general who called me down especially objected because I was teaching the men bad language. He seemed to think the war was something like a Sunday-school picnic.

Soon after this I was sent overseas to go to a British machine-gun school so that I would know all the latest tricks to teach our boys as they came over. Believe me, their machine-gun school was good. I came out, qualified to handle a machine-gun battalion, which is the highest rating they give. It was work and not play. But instead of acting as instructor to our units, I passed on over to the British front, where they certainly needed all the men they could get. In March, 1918, I went through the

big British retreat toward Amiens, with the Germans pushing us like the very devil. I found myself in charge of a larger number of machine-guns than ever before. Officers died fast, as the men did also, but the Scotch "ladies from Hell," to whom I was attached, added another page to their long and courageous history. It was a costly victory for the Germans.

While falling back in the midst of the retreat, I came across an American Y. M. C. A. hut with an American in charge. The Germans were only a few hours away, and I had not had a good American cigarette for days; also, I was dead broke so I said to the American Y. M. C. A. official in charge, "Well, buddy, the Boche are going to have your shop and everything in it in about two hours, so how about a few cigarettes, even if I haven't got the priče?" He took one cigarette out of a package and

handed it to me. I looked at the hundreds of tidy little packages on his shelves, and told him to keep his cigarette and I would bum a fag from some Tommy. About two hours later, I was on a hill overlooking the town and the little Y. M. C. A. hut, when the Germans came in and my machine-guns dropped lead among them. I could see Boche making for that hut, so I sent word back to the captain of a 3-inch battery firing not far behind me that there were Boche in the hut. In a few minutes, the battery made a fair hit, simply lifting that hut, Boche, cigarettes, and all into the air like a box of matches. Of course I hoped the American Y. man got out before this happened.

Soon afterward I had a piece of flesh torn from my leg and several tendons broken, the damage caused, I believe, by barbed wire although the doctor said it was a piece of shell.

Still, I could walk with a cane so kept going, as many more badly wounded "ladies" did also. Then, while eating lunch on the last day of the drive, I met a bullet that creased me pretty deep on the left side, not serious, but enough to send me over to England to get well. I was ready to go, for that kind of war was real hell, not the more pleasant sort I had become accustomed to in Mexico, Nicaragua, and the Philippines. I also had several gas burns. But all this was common enough, and has been told about elsewhere.

One incident that happened in the trenches in worth telling about. It shows how all men are like children, and like to play, even with hell popping all around. One lieutenant could take a match and spin it through the air, snapping it from his fingers so that, when it passed close to anyone's ear, it sounded much like a bullet. Finally he tried it out on the bat-

talion commander, who ducked his head several times.

Turning to us, he said, "It's damn funny how anything can get in here." The dugout had a good ten feet of earth above us, and a Z-shaped trench on the outside. Those times of waiting underground, often in gasmasks, were the hardest part of the war. The battalion commander soon got on to the joke, and learned to do it, one teaching another, until it even got to Army Corps headquarters. Once someone tried it on a shell-shocked man, however, and the man went raving crazy, which wasn't so good.

With my wounds there began a better life for me. The ways of modern warfare I did not like, too much like a machine, and the long stretches of sitting around in the mud, doing nothing, were not active enough for an old roughneck like me. Then, when it was active,

there was just a damn sight too much action.

As I was leaving for London, an old friend, a colonel, said to me: "Here I've been over the top twenty-seven times since 1914, and not a damn blighty—and you get one after you've only been in a couple of months." Well, I always was pretty lucky. I guess that's one reason I'm still alive. The colonel got killed a few days after I left. It was surprising the number of good fellows killed during that time.

I was taken into the mess of my regiment over in London with open arms, and made one of them. And I can say that being a Yank, as they called me, made no difference. It may be that some of the Americans who complain of British treatment were not all they should have been in associating with the British. I was a walking case from the first, that is to say I could get around with a cane while my leg and

side were healing, and they showed me a royal time. They all called me "Yank" or Jack, and soon I was calling even a duke by his first name. That is to say, I called him by his first name when he called me "Jack," but sometimes when he called me "Yank," I would say, "Well, Duke," which was considered fine American humor.

My first introduction to the British mess, however, was a trial for me. After I had been introduced to all the officers then present in the smoking room, one of them called out, "I say, Yank, will you have a little whiskey?" When I said, "Please excuse me for not refusing," the officer, a major, held his hand around the glass, and filled up a big tumbler with Scotch. It is an old trick; he didn't think I could see how much he was giving me. Then he asked, "A little soda, Yank?"

"Oh, just a dash," said I.

He made believe to squirt in a little seltzer and handed me the straight whiskey, about half a pint of it or more, I guess. Everybody raised their glasses to drink to our acquaintance, and somebody called, "Bottoms up," so I thought it was up to me. I said, "Well, here's how," and turned up the glass and kicked it all down without stopping. Then I said, "That's pretty good whiskey, some of it's been pretty watery that we've been getting over in the trenches," and pushed my glass over to have it refilled. That made their eyes stick out.

I saw they intended to put me under the table, which they had a reputation for doing, being Scotch and hard drinkers as well as hard fighters, but I'm not so bad at putting people under the table myself. All the rest of that evening I had to hold on to myself, taking drink for drink, saying under my breath, "Hold hard, Jack—keep sober, Jack!" I man-

aged to walk out, while several of them who had had less than I did had to be carried. That gave me quite a little reputation. There's a trick to it; it isn't so much how much you drink as how you take it, and if a man sets his mind to stay sober he generally can.

But they kept after me, and about a week later I had to meet a bunch of their hardest drinkers, the champions of the regiment. I managed to walk out again that evening, which was more than about half of them could, but I fell downstairs, due to the officer I was walking with falling and catching at me as he went, and I not being too steady with my cane and bum leg. This tore loose the tendons in my leg so that it has never been quite right since. It also opened up the wound in my side which, somehow, got infected so that, for a month or so afterward, I had a hell of a time. I used to think I would go crazy when they treated that

wound but I had to grin and bear it, without anæsthetics, for the honor of the regiment. They used to tear away the flesh with an instrument like pair of pincers. Finally I got better, and was made a liaison officer, which gave me liberty to travel about and have a good time. I also kept in touch direct with Washington, in case there was anything the department wanted to know.

One little adventure I well remember. In June, 1918, I went to Tours for a week to collect some statistics and reports desired by the British. I dined at the Lyonnaise and who should drift in but Olga, alone. She was driven up in a fine limousine, a big, shiny Rolls, which I noticed through the window even before I recognized her. She sat down with her back to me not noticing me, probably because I looked changed in my uniform. I called the waitress and asked to give to the lady now with her back

to me the note I was writing on the back of the menu. It read:

"Olga, will you dine with Jack?"

She at once came over to my table, so we again sat facing one another. Her face lighted up with pleasure as we talked about the war. She told me she had had to get out of Germany because of a disagreement with the government, and was just on her way to Spain. She said:

"Honest, Jack, I've quit the game. Have you?"

I laughed at her. "Yes, you have, Olga—and will, when you're underground." I could have said, "Or when the British get you between four walls."

We spent a very pleasant evening together. She had a funny little smile, which seemed to say, "I'm sure you can't hurt me." And I did not want to hurt her, not exactly, though of

course I had to remember who she was. It was very, very strange how two people could think a good deal of each other, yet each trying to get the other. I knew she'd sure as hell stick a knife in me, if she had the chance, and trust I'd live long enough to hear her tell why she did it, and how glad she was to pay me back. But all the time we were friendly, smiling at each other.

We went from the Lyonnaise to a café for coffee and liqueurs. It seemed to me that she was prettier than ever. She had bright blue eyes, and was very feminine in spite of her profession, quite tall and not fat like a lot of Germans. Her face was always smiling, not always her mouth but always her eyes, as if she looked on life with a lot of pleasure. She had perfect manners, always knew what to do with her hands and feet, the kind that men would always crowd around in a ballroom.

I hesitated to turn her in, knowing what a hard time she would have if caught there in Tours. But if I had known what she was doing, I'd have said, "Olga, you and I are going to take a little walk over to the police." Then I would have watched her hands for a knife or a gun. But she was slicker than I. I told myself it would be better to find out what she was up to, so we continued to spend a pleasant evening, talking of old times, while I enjoyed the brightness of her smile. Late at night, I walked with her as far as her hotel, the Univers. There was her car, the big Rolls limousine, waiting. I made sure she went in, and the car drove away. Still I hesitated to report her, thinking that all cars were so carefully controlled, and all civilians also, there in Tours at that time, that I would have no difficulty in picking her up whenever I wanted to.

The next morning, however, she was not to

be found. She had probably been on her way fifteen minutes after I left her. I gave the information both to our own and the French service, considering it my duty, but at the same time not giving too many details. I went back to England with the wish that Olga would clear out of France. But she had more guts than I thought. A month later we began to get reports of what a good time our young officers were having down at Biarritz, all due to a charming hostess. I was sitting in the Hôtel Louvre in Paris when a young American officer gave me a description of this hostess. Sure enough, she was playing her game with our young lieutenants at their wonderful rest camp. She was arrested by the French police and turned over to the British. She could have been shot, of course, but the British only imprisoned her, and ever since she has lived in a nunnery, guarded by them, a quieter life than

Napoleon's after the British got him. Napoleon's idea, also, was to conquer the world, and that was Olga's idea for her beloved Fatherland. I have already told of how she turned artist there, and how her stuff was captured. Her idea never will change. Her life, her body, and soul work to one end, to help the Fatherland.

Many pleasant experiences came my way in England and France during the last months of the war, but all good things come to an end and I received my orders to go to Brest, there to await a transport for New York. In more than one way Brest was like a new mining camp, in those days when the A. E. F. was going back. Gambling ran high, and the Rue Siam was crowded from early morning to late at night with returning soldiers, wives, golddiggers. The gods were with me for I won from the start, no matter what kind of a game, black-jack, craps, or stud. One afternoon

while playing black-jack, I got the deal and put up two thousand dollars for a bank. Hard luck, it did not even pay the debts. I put up another thousand. Harder luck, it did not pay half. Either a millionaire or a pauper, I said to myself. I threw my hat, containing all I had left, upside down on the table and asked if anyone wanted to tap the bank. There were English pounds, French and Belgian francs, Italian lire, German marks, and dollar checks on the Farmers Loan and Trust Co. I don't know how much in all but a good-sized pile. I didn't have to wait long for a taker.

"Sure, I'll take you on," a soldier said and tossed his hat, nearly full of money, along side of mine. I looked at my cards after he said, "I'll stand," and there was two sixes—making twelve. Nothing to do but draw, and flipping up a card I made twenty-one with the best-looking nine spot I ever saw in my life. I

counted my money, changing all into dollars, and found I had won more than two thousand dollars. When I left on the transport I was a good six thousand ahead.

On the transport I hunted up a steward and told him that I wanted a state-room where we could play. Unless one was a major or higher he slept in troop quarters. We got the room all right, however, and about the third day I cleaned out a Y. M. C. A. man for two thousand dollars. I got a great kick out of it too. Y. men were not supposed to gamble and I hoped it might be a moral lesson to several other Y. men who were in the bunch. An American general had given me a case of good old whiskey on leaving Brest, so I broke out a couple of bottles for my Y. friends, intending to finish the case before we reached America. But I asked myself, why let ones who did not know the difference between good and bad drink it

when I was going into a dry country. So I closed my little bar, got my whiskey in all right, and when I reached the Waldorf Astoria I telephoned all my friends and had a real party. My six thousand dollars and more lasted me several weeks, but easy come, easy go, particularly since I was headed for more trouble and wasn't sure but that I would get bumped off before I had a chance to spend my money. I was told it was Mexico for mine where there was nearly as much chance for me to get it as there had been when I was fighting with the British, and a lot more chance than after I had the good luck to get my blighty. Several times I was to miss the good old quiet days of the World War.

It was during this time, a few days before I was due to go to Washington, that I had a peculiar little experience. While walking one night, about two o'clock in the morning, down

one of the streets below Washington Square—I think it was Third Street—somebody down the street shot, and a bullet hit one of the iron pillars of the elevated railway, right over my head. I was with a gay party, consisting of several young officers and their girls, but was walking a little distance from the others, so it looked as if the bullet had had my name on it. I did not go back to investigate nor think much about the matter at the time for I had more interesting things to do, but afterward I wondered. I even had a sort of feeling Olga might have had something to do with it; though kept in prison by the British she still had plenty of friends in America. Perhaps I was wrong. Of course there is often shooting at night down in those streets and I might have been taken for somebody else. Just the same, it reminded me that kind of a war I had enlisted in is the kind that goes on forever. Considering the

number of men engaged, the casualties are high and, I thought, some day my luck may not hold. But a man never dies till his time comes, and then nothing can save him.

CHAPTER X

MONEY TALKS IN MEXICO

THINGS were now in a bad way, as usual, down in Mexico. Since 1915 Carranza, the provisional president, though backed by our Government had hoped for German success, thinking no doubt that this would weaken the United States. In March, 1917, the Zimmermann note became public, proposing an alliance of Mexico and Japan against the United States. I do not know a great deal about this note, but it looked like Germany, and it fitted in with the way Carranza felt. Both Mexico and Japan, of course, denied any knowledge of the note, while the Germans said it was a fake.

Carranza was not the man to govern a country next to ours. Both in internal and external affairs he became socialistic. His idea of the rights of the nation to the subsoil deposits of petroleum threw American oil producers in the air, as under the Diaz government they had had full ownership. This idea that a nation continues to own subsoil deposits, even after selling them a few times, got Calles into hot water with Washington just recently. Carranza, not satisfied with the heavy taxes on American oil owners in Mexico, went out to get the oil wells away from them. While he was worrying about this, Mexico was not being governed. The peon class were nearly all bandits, ready to kill, burn, and raise merry hell for a few dollars. Instead of getting better, everything was going to the dogs.

When I went back to Washington, in September, 1919, after returning from the World

War and taking a little vacation in New York, we talked all this over. It was decided that I should go again into Mexico, and try out Obregon who, we thought, might make a better president than Carranza. We decided, anyway, that Carranza would have to get out, and Obregon was very popular throughout Mexico as a revolutionary hero, having been the only man to lick Villa. He deserved some of the credit for licking Villa, too, although, as I have shown, there was a bunch of renegades and roughnecks commanded by a certain Captain Jack, which had a good deal to do with that. I was still very good friends with Obregon, which was another reason it was decided to send me to see him.

This time, however, it was not to be machine-guns and roughnecks but diplomacy and cash. It is a good idea to work in different ways, not following the same old tracks. So the end

of October found me alone in Mexico City, no longer a fighter but a business man ready to talk business. I saw Obregon, General Benjamin Hill, and several other generals who were in favor of a change in the constitution. They saw that Carranza's constitution was not going to help Mexico, but might do it much harm, while also being bad for the United States. They agreed that for a nation to demand back subsoil rights after selling them was socialistic, not good policy outside of Russia.

I explained to them that the American Government was not to be mixed up in the Mexican trouble at all, but money in millions would be used if and when needed. No war at first, if it could be avoided, but careful planning and a legal reëlection, if possible, with Obregon heading the ticket. In a straight election, Obregon would doubtless get in because he was

very popular, while Carranza was unpopular, both in Mexico and outside. We hoped that, with plenty of money to help, we might get up an honest election. We had literally millions to draw on; money was no object.

Things went smoothly at first. Early in January Obregon had a good lead in the race, he stating that if the election was not fair he would start a revolution, which would succeed as he had plenty of cash, and practically the entire military forces of the country were with him.

We were at this time in Guanajuato, when Carranza sent a force into Sonora to fight against the supporters of Obregon there. The hope of a peaceful, honest election seemed slim. A strike was threatened on the South Pacific Railroad of Mexico, and when it began, on April 3, 1920, Carranza stated that he would run the railroad with soldiers. This was the be-

ginning of the revolution. Obregon's supporters took over Agua Prieta and started the "Republic of Sonora." This, of course, was not what was expected, since it was intended for Obregon to rule the whole country, and it looked like he might have trouble with his supporters who had set out to start their own republic. But things were always getting mixed up like that down there.

Obregon, not expecting the revolution to start so soon, which it would not have done if the Sonoro forces hadn't got so previous, was caught in Mexico City. Both he and Benjamin Hill were put under arrest by Carranza, and the revolution nearly went flooey, in spite of all our planning and the money at our disposal. However, on April 15, he and Benjamin Hill, with the help of large bribes, escaped in disguise and came down to the Southwest where I was waiting. There we started the revolution

right, on modern lines, directing it by wireless. Carranza, still trying to lick the new "Republic of Sonora," was caught between several fires. He thought he had a right to send forces through the United States, since the United States had sent forces through Mexico in pursuit of Villa. So he asked to be allowed to send his Chihuahua army through American territory from El Paso to Douglas, to deal with the bandits from that side. But Washington could not see it, and refused to let him pass though he offered guarantees.

The refusal of Washington to allow the Chihuahua forces to pass through American territory was a great blow to Carranza, and stopped his attempt to deal with the revolution from the eastern side. In the meantime I had gone to Sinaloa to see if the governor, Iturbe, could be brought to our way of thinking. I had plenty of money and showed him that Obregon

was bound to win while Carranza was due for the discard. But Iturbe did not need money, he said, since he had already become a multi-millionaire as governor. He decided to stay neutral. He was very busy at this time getting his wealth in portable form, as his only desire was to escape out of the country and live like a king in some peaceful foreign place for the rest of his life. I do not know if he did so.

The revolution progressed nicely, while I went around drumming up trade, calling on various leaders and bandits to get them to support Obregon, so that finally there might be a stable government and real peace in Mexico. I had lots of money, and most of them were anxious to fight for Obregon against Carranza, but I judged they would all be ready to turn bandits again, against any government, as soon as there was more money in it. Just the same, we got Obregon in such a strong position that,

as everybody knows, he was the first president since Diaz who really ruled the country, and made it half-way safe. He was also a very good friend of Washington, as he is to-day.

It was while returning from Mazatlan, a port on the Pacific, that I had an adventure I will never forget, and which nearly finished my career. While riding near a small river, I was surprised by about twenty rough-looking fellows, bandits, I thought at that time, who had me hog-tied in less time than it takes to tell it. They went through my clothes, stripping me down to the skin, taking everything they could find. Then the chief, or captain of the band, started to question me, in rather good English, as to what I was doing in that part of the country. Then I began to understand they were not bandits; bandits would have shot me immediately or demanded a big ransom, and besides few bandits down that way understand

English, and they do not bother to ask many questions.

To the questions of the captain of the band I answered as though I knew nothing. But he knew more about me than I thought. I could not make him out, unless, as I suspected, he was some enemy of Iturbe, who wanted to collect some of the millions of graft the governor was trying to get away with. I continued to say that I was only an American engineer, employed in Mazatlan, and knew nothing.

At last the bandit chief said, "Well, I can make you talk, if you want to live."

Life is sweet to all of us when we get to the bumping-off place, but I thought I was as good as dead already, unless I could persuade him I was only a harmless American engineer. So I still said I knew nothing about either Iturbe or anybody else.

They led me, stripped naked, up the bank of

the river and out into the open, with the sun blazing down, and we stopped at a big ant hill. Then I knew what I was up against. But still I thought it was best to hold out as long as I could. They spread-eagled me, on my back, over that ant hill, my feet and arms pulled out by ropes and tied to picket pins, driven deep in the hard ground. The sun came blinding my eyes, burning me like hot coals, but worse were the ants, which at once attacked me like a million burning coals, running over my face, biting my eyes, biting me everywhere while I could hardly move a muscle; even when I writhed and shook my head to get them off, they only bit worse. Then I talked as fast as they had promised. I asked only that they give me my freedom, if I talked, and they said they would. It is true I told only about my mission with Iturbe. It was no doubt what they wanted to know. But dead men tell no tales, so instead

of giving me my freedom, as they promised, they rode away, laughing and sneering at me.

At first I fought with my bonds, blinded by ants and the blazing sun, suffering such torture that I cannot describe it. I had heard of men stripped and left like that to die on an ant hill, surely the most horrible death because a man is sure to go raving crazy long before he dies. I wished they had shot me; I yelled after them and begged them to come back and either shoot me or let me go free, for the love of the Virgin they are always talking so much about. Then I got hold of myself, made myself lie still, in spite of the hell I was suffering, to get my strength. I knew if I could not break away I would soon be dead. I was strong, I knew, fit with hard riding and clean living but what chance does a man have to use his strength when his arms and legs are pulled out in four different directions by taut ropes, and he is

bent backward with his back half-broken over an ant hill? But I breathed hard and rested and relaxed, in spite of the hell going on all over me. I layed calm, if such was possible, till I had my breath back. It was only seconds but it seemed like years. Then, as hard as I could, I began twisting over on one side, pulling upward with my hands, with all my might, to loosen the picket pins.

Nothing doing. They were driven deep in the hard ground. I rested, then tried again. If I could only get one up, I knew the rest would be easy. Finally, after what seemed like hours, I could feel one of them loosen. I pulled, yelling like the devil, roaring like some kind of a beast. The pin came out. A minute, and I was free. With the ropes still hanging from my wrists and ankles, and the pins dragging behind, I rushed down hill toward the little river, brushing ants from me by the hundreds and

thousands. I dove into the river, the Rio Rosario it was, and cold as ice. The relief was instant. I stayed under water till I had to come up for air. The ants were still alive in my hair and ears and nose, and began biting again, but I sucked in water through my nose, dove again, and, within a few minutes, all of them were either drowned or had left me. But for days after I was so poisoned by their bites that I looked like I had been boiled. This was not a long experience, it could not have lasted more than half an hour altogether, but it was the most terrible one I ever had.

I returned across country and joined with the army of Benjamin Hill. He had about fifty thousand men, and had now got within striking distance of Mexico City. Carranza's generals began leaving him, and those who were left insisted that he give up his office. But Carranza, stubborn to the last, issued a statement on

May 5, saying that he would fight to the finish. He had his nerve but at the same time he was getting ready to move his capital to Vera Cruz. He started two days later and, in his flight, he tried to take plunder to the value of about a hundred million pesos, everything he could lay his hands on. On May 8, I entered Mexico City with Obregon, without trouble. Obregon sent trusted men to capture Carranza and the plunder, with an order that Carranza was not to be harmed.

Carranza, giving up all hope of escaping by rail, left his private train and started overland, northeast, for the Pueblo mountains, no doubt expecting from there to reach a Gulf port, but one night he was killed in a little mountain shack at Tlaxcalantongo, having been betrayed by his General Herrero. On May 25, Adolfo de la Huerta was made substitute president for the unexpired term of Carranza, since we

wished to do everything lawfully and in order. Finally, after the elections of August and September, 1920, Obregon took the office of president, and General Plutarco Elias Calles, the present president, was made secretary of war. Obregon had had a clear field in the election, and promised to see that things were kept peaceful, with the rights of Americans respected. My work done, I returned to Washington, glad to be able to turn in another success. For a number of years, in fact till quite recently, Mexico gave no more trouble.

CHAPTER XI

PARIS ADVENTURES

Mexico now being quiet, and I having done very well there, it was decided to give me a much more important job. The entire world had been restless ever since the war. So it was thought best that I go to Europe and, while awaiting orders, find out if possible what was going on between the various countries. I was told to get a position where I would be looked up to as respectable, a solid citizen, not a roughneck adventurer such as I had been to date. Paris, the center of world politics, was to be my home. To keep me in the narrow path, and rouse no suspicions, I was told that I had to live on what I made. My money from the

Government would be deposited regularly to my account in a New York bank but I was not to draw on it, except under urgent necessity.

They didn't pay much in France in those days, and I got only a thousand francs, about forty dollars, a month, in the Paris bank where I got employment, after looking for some weeks in vain. It was a branch of a big American bank, and if there was anything to make me respectable my position as purchasing agent there would do it. I used to laugh, thinking of myself working in a bank as a purchasing agent. But I had good recommendations, all of them just as good as that college diploma I got when I decided to be a sanitarian in China, and I set out to be respectable. I had to be, living on my salary, with sandwiches at noon, no more parties, no cocktails before eating, and damn little pleasures of any kind. But I worked like hell at the first desk job I

ever held until my monthly pay became my weekly pay. But it was hard work, not only the work itself which required from ten to twelve hours a day, but just as hard work to go home in the evening; me an old roughneck, accustomed to excitement, with something doing every minute, now a humble clerk! I took to reading evenings and felt I began to change. At the end of a year I was no longer such a roughneck. I hardly knew myself. The department, all this time, had hardly anything for me to do. Just said for me to live along and establish a respectable position in the community. Well, I did it, and I was pretty proud of myself, though it was one of the hardest assignments I ever had from Washington. At the end of the first year, I got a letter of congratulation from my chief, telling me to keep right on doing as I had been doing.

I hoped I would have something better to do

by that time; anyway I thought I deserved a little vacation. So I drew a check for three hundred on Washington, and took the train for Monte Carlo. I intended to be gone only three or four days but to live like a king while I was there. Live I did, and at the Hotel de Paris for ten great days. Not, of course, on my little three hundred. The second night, in the Casino, as I placed a hundred francs on the zero, a fight started at a table half-way down the room. I was interested in fights—it was a long time since I had been in one—so I started there, leaving my money forgotten on the table. But the fight was over before I got there. Then I remembered my francs and went back, thinking, naturally, I had lost. Instead of that, the zero had come up twice in succession—winning 3,500 francs the first time, and thirty-five times that the second, 122,500 francs. Talk about a fool for luck.

I came to life and, stuffing my winnings in my pocket, gave up my place at the table. For the next few days I had parties that reminded me of old times. I telegraphed the bank, telling them I had been in an automobile accident and so would be delayed, and just turned loose. In ten days I had nothing left but a headache. I hated to go back to the bank and be a respectable character but I made myself do it. Besides, I was not so much of a roughneck as I had once been; my long year of desk work and regular hours had made a difference. So I went back, and again settled down to the steady grind of making myself a respectable character. I did both, even if at times I longed for the old life of action, and the not-give-a-damn way of living.

Nearly four years went by, with very little except routine work to do. Sometimes the department had me do a few odd jobs, but noth-

ing important nor very interesting, or when once in a blue moon it was important and interesting, it was too much so to write about. Several times during this period, I visited Italy, once making that lucky discovery of Olga's art work, which I have already mentioned. Olga was then guarded in a nunnery by the British. I also visited Switzerland, Belgium, England, and Germany from time to time, and once went into Russia. But mostly I stuck by my job, getting better pay each year, till finally I made enough to live on pretty well. Also I was known as a respectable citizen.

A pleasant little incident happened to me in January of 1926. One noon as I was leaving the bank for lunch, I was stopped by a little old man. One could tell at a glance that he was a clerk, and English. He called me by my name, and when I said, yes, that was my name,

he asked, "Would you mind having a little drink with me?"

I answered why should I and that as I didn't know him he would have to find other company.

"But no, it will pay you to listen to what I have to say. You are Captain Jack, one time of Nicaragua?"

Interested by now, I led the way to a little café, and over our drink told him to lay his cards face up on the table. From the start I was more than interested, as he said that someone had work laid out for me, and that money would be no object. He wanted me to agree to meet one of the principals. By now my blood was fired by the prospect, and a few days later I met an Englishman, whom I will call X, in the same little café.

This man X was about my own age, English, tanned brown, looking fine and fit. A

cheery smile broke out as he grasped my hand, and said:

"Well, old war-horse, set down, and maybe I can bring back to you the desire of leaving your old desk, and going into real life."

At first glance I liked him, and as he opened up his line I liked him even better. First he started off with about as true a record of my life from school-days as I could give myself. He even knew things I had forgotten. China, Japan, Mexico, Nicaragua, he knew all about my presence in these countries, and things which I thought nobody knew except I and my chief in Washington. It takes the jolly old British to find out all about a man when they want to.

He thought maybe, he said, I was just a war-horse that desired excitement during my youth only. I told him I was a good deal settled down but could still appreciate a little excite-

ment especially if there was jack in it—that my name certainly wasn't Captain Jack for nothing.

"Fine!" he said. "I can see we're going to get on." Then he said, I'd want to know something about him, and what he had to offer. He started out by saying that he represented wealthy principals, and told me a great deal more about himself, which I will not put down here, since he is one of the most trusted men in the British Foreign Secret Service, which is the best in the world. He ended by saying that he could start me from that date at a thousand pounds a month if I accepted. He had the first check all ready to hand me. My heart started to skip, and then race like a machine-gun with the trigger tied down. Five thousand dollars a month—impossible! Just for good measure, he said, if I put my little job through I could have a bonus of five thousand pounds, or more

if I wanted because money was no object to his principals.

He had not yet even told me what I was expected to do, nor who his principals were. As he was looking close at me, I put on a poker face and kept from showing him, I believe, that I was climbing toward Mars. I told him I couldn't take a job like that without knowing a good deal about it. He said it would be only a little machine-gun job, in good, open country, with all the help I wanted, anybody I picked. I remembered Pinky and Turner. Picture to yourself how I felt. There I was, making about $160 a month, and working like hell in a closed room as head of a department with twenty French girls working under me. You know the type. To open a window was death. I even happen to know that when some of them went to sleep they plugged the keyhole to keep from having a draft. And as X continued, I

could see the wide open spaces, and once again feel the joy of real living. Man, I thought I must be dreaming!

He wanted me to get together, he said, as many of my old men as I could collect, just give him their names and where last heard from, and he would find them. He wanted about a hundred, and he asked me if Pinky would be satisfactory as my first lieutenant. He even knew about Pinky. "By all means, he would be the first man on my list," I said. Then this man stated that Pinky and Turner had already been asked, and had said that they were wild to go into anything so long as I was in command. In fact, they were already on their way to the place where I would meet them, and the rest of my outfit.

This was going pretty fast. "Where's the place?" I asked. But he said that was one thing he oughtn't to mention for the present. I asked

about guns, equipment. He had thought about everything. Later I was to know that they had planned this thing for years, and had kept me under their eyes for a long time. After about an hour of talk, he pulled out a check-book, wrote out a check, and offered it to me, saying, "Well, let's get going. Here is a little in advance." I looked at the check. It was made out on a London bank for eighty thousand pounds. Four hundred thousand dollars! That was too much like the Arabian Nights. I asked what all that was for, and he said it was my retainer for a few months, and a drawing account; I might need to draw a lot of money on short notice, he added.

I pushed the check back across the table toward him. I told him he was going a little too fast for me, and that I wanted to know what, where, and who, and that I did not like to buy, or even accept, a cat in the bag. He did not

want to go into details, then, as to whom I would be working for, or where it would be, but I told him then our talk was a waste of time for both of us. His face clouded, and I could see that he did not want, or could not, tell at this time the whole story. I followed up my attack by telling him that I would go into nothing unless I knew all, and met the ones at the head of the whole show, and that if I was going into a foreign country I wanted assurance that I would not be stepping on the toes of Uncle Sam. His eyes smiled, and he said: "All right. Hold yourself ready for a call within a couple of days."

During the next day, I sure thought I had gone too far in refusing the money. I thought I had made a fool of myself. But it all turned out for the best, and X later told me that if I had been too anxious to take that check, and sign up for anything, it would only have shown

that I was not their man. A few days later he telephoned and asked could he call for me with a car at the bank. "Sure!" I replied.

He did not tell me where we were going. We rolled along, talking of things in general, until the car stopped at the British Embassy. I had had some sort of an idea we might be going there, but I could not really believe it, and was so surprised I had to hold hard.

X said to me, "Two gentlemen have flown over from London to-day especially to see you."

We went through padded doors, finally entering a conference room, where I was introduced to two of the biggest men in British politics. I recognized them at once by their pictures, often in the newspapers. Champagne was served and they both said they were glad to meet me, that they had heard a great deal about me.

But I had something to sell that they wanted so, as soon as the polite language was over, I said:

"Gentlemen, let's get started. I am satisfied with my employers. Now, where is the job?"

The taller, skinnier gentleman laughed, saying: "Well, that sounds like business. Suppose we say it's India?"

He then explained that X would work out the details with me, and they would stand back of anything he said. I said that, if the action was to be in India, I would be only too pleased to accept the honor they had offered me, that I was willing to go through any job they had out there, and that I considered myself working for Great Britain, and would do my best.

They left, after thanking me, and extending an invitation to come to England. They were very simple and friendly for such important men, head-liners in the newspapers nearly

every day. But I knew, now, that my Arabian Nights' dream was the real stuff.

At once X and I started to work there in the conference room where, he said, we two would have our office, and be the only ones who knew the combination of the safe in the corner. First he told me he had opened a credit of 24,000 pounds for me in the Paris branch of a British bank, two years' salary in advance, since it would probably be hard for me to deposit a big check without having to explain. I had thought of this when he pushed that check for eighty thousand pounds at me, which luckily, I refused to take. He said also that I had a credit to my name of 100,000 pounds, half a million dollars, in a Bombay bank, which was blocked but could be used when I needed it. He advised me not to draw any money at first, just continue to live on my salary at the bank, so that I would not attract attention. This made

me think of my own department in Washington, and I wondered how they would take it when they heard I was working for Great Britain. The one thing X didn't seem to know about me was that I was employed by the American Government, although the money Uncle Sam paid me was nothing in comparison to what England offered.

X then got down to talking of the British Government's plan in India. He said India had always been a worry to him. He had been brought up there, knew their ways and language like the natives themselves, had the confidence of the princes, and knew their faults and virtues; he was the one outside of politics that stood as a wall of defense for them when right, and had the courage to go to them in their own palaces and tell them when they were wrong. He called them, while talking to me, "his children." They were like children, he

said, but with power to do what they wanted, to get into trouble, and to cut each others' throats, which made them more interesting.

Great Britain wanted India, he said, to be able to defend herself in time of need. She had always been a steady drain on England's manpower. With the aid of a few trained men, the princes, rajahs, and such could train their own army. Why not let it seem as though the Indian princes wanted a bodyguard, of men other than English, and at the same time train men loyal to their household to the use of machine-guns? The Red army in the north, Red activities in Afghanistan, and China also, caused considerable worry. So I was to build a wall of defense with my machine-guns and teach the natives their use. This would also give the Indian princes an idea that their English masters had more confidence in them than they really did. I would be supposed to be un-

der the command of the princes but really working for England, like X himself. The Soviet Government was working strongly in India, fighting the British, and the movement was strong enough to worry Downing Street. Give the princes their own army, and they would not be so ready to listen to the Soviet spies, who were preparing the way for a Red invasion of India through Afghanistan. The princes would pay all expenses, on the advice of their trusted friend X, so Great Britain would have another army without expense.

The job suited me all right. India can no more look after herself than the Philippines can, and America and England can do the job of looking after these children as well as anybody, at least as well as Soviet Russia with its hellish ideas. It is some job to collect together a bunch of machine-gunners when you have been out of the game for years, but some-

how we got them together, Pinky doing most of the work; a few at a time, they drifted into the ports of India, from where they were sent up into the interior and started to work. I stayed on in Paris, working late at night, planning all the details to make an independent army for the British. England, by this system, did not need to move an army to cover the passes leading into India, which would have caused considerable press comment, but within a few months would have an army, its leaders knowing the country, and so mobile that within a few hours it could be moved hundreds of miles, and without it looking like an army. Such an army could guard the borders with ease.

This went on for more than a month. All this time I had drawn no pay, even though I had been told that two years' pay, $120,000, had been deposited in the British bank. I often

thought about it but although having little money of my own I remembered X's warning, and did not draw on it. However, I got thinking about it, and not having seen the color of their coin I decided it was best to know, so as to ease my mind. So I drew a check for a hundred pounds and placed it in my bank for collection, just to see if it was good. I got quite a thrill when the money was promptly sent to pay the check. So at least I had the money. But my principals knew about it at once. A few days later X, flying through Paris on his way to India, stopped, and told me he would rather I didn't draw any more because they didn't want me attracting attention, maybe getting plugged by some Soviet spy before I got started off to India. I think myself he suspected I might draw a big sum, and go off on a grand bat, in the good old way. Sometimes I felt like it for during this time, expecting every

day to be called to India, my nerves got triggered so that I again began to drink more than was good for me.

During this time, X told me, my name was being whispered through India as the chief of this American outfit. I understand they gave me a record better than Napoleon's and Bismarck's put together, until the princes believed that, when it came to war, all I had to do was to appear, and any enemy would fall down or run away. They said I had made a fortune winning wars. When the rajahs asked about my credit, they were referred to the bank in Bombay, where a hundred thousand pounds were deposited to my credit, and besides, large sums were deposited to my credit in London and Paris banks. All these accounts, of course, were blocked but the rajahs did not know that. Their inquiries revealed the fact that I was wŏrth about five million dollars. The jolly old British

are born in this sort of thing, and make a study of it, doing everything thoroughly and not leaving a loophole. After they investigated my credit, X said, the rajahs were ready to believe anything and pay anything. He and I had many a good laugh over it.

Just to make sure, one of the rajahs called on me, while passing through Paris, and I was introduced to him with all the pomp of a king. He was wonderful and I understood why X called them children. He slept most of the evening, during dinner and after it, only waking up to say, "Yes, of course," and go to sleep again. He had a lot of servants always treating him like a tin god. But he said he approved of me, and it made me feel good to be someone just for an evening, far more than I had ever hoped to be. I, just a roughneck handler of renegades, now head of an army. I had often wondered how the title "General" would go

with Jack. General Jack. The Rajah and X both called me that. But Captain Jack sounds better.

After this visit, more waiting. Like a schoolboy I dreamed of leading an army, riding on the back of a gold-encrusted elephant. Then I would come back to earth, and remember that machine-guns are one thing, elephants another, and that an elephant makes a hell of a big target. I heard about the uniform that was waiting for me, out in India, when I should step out of my airplane to take command. It also sounded like something out of the Arabian Nights; it had to be, X said, to impress the rajahs, who were children. But all this time it was my job to train fighters, and I did it, thousands of miles away, through Pinky and Turner, who knew their job and were on the field. I kept begging to go but for the grand effect, X said I must land from my airplane just

when the fighting began and sweep everything before me.

It finally began to look like the time was at hand. I had been waiting three months. News came in from all corners that the Reds were on the move in China, that Soviet troops were filtering into Afghanistan, that an uprising was expected in India. During a small local uprising in the town where Pinky was quartered, training his native recruits, the mob attacked a British colonel and his wife, driving down the street. They killed the colonel and pulled his wife out of the carriage. Pinky and three of his men were close enough to run in. Throwing the woman against the wall, they stood over her with knives picked up from the street and defended her. It was just cut, thrust, and take, the mob so tightly pressed they could not strike clean. The fight lasted for about eight minutes. Pinky was the only one left

standing, the blood streaming from him in a hundred cuts when a British squad arrived on the spot. They thought he would die, said X, who told me about this fight as he was passing through, flying from India to London, but it takes a good deal to kill old Pinky. He is all right now except for his face. He never was a beauty but now, with half his face cut away, he looks like hell.

At last I got a telegram from London, unsigned, saying only, "Be ready to move at half an hour's notice." A fast British plane was kept waiting on the outskirts of Paris, the aviator sleeping in the hangar with the machine, so that I could step into it and arrive in India known only to those loyal to our idea. No newspaper talk till I had made a killing. But again things changed and still I waited on.

I had another worry. I thought I ought to tell Washington what I was up to because they

would know sooner or later, anyway, and I did not, of course, want to do anything they did not approve of. By now I knew all that was needed. So the entire plans of this and similar work I sent back to Washington. It was really my job in Paris to find out about such things. My nerves were now worn, and without action the position with the British had no great appeal to me. I never understood just what happened to keep the British from sending me.

Washington wrote back that they needed me for other work and would give me a small raise in salary, and while I could resign, to go with the British, they would feel very sorry if I did. This decided me. I told X that I was going to quit, return the money I had drawn, and give up the claim on the $120,000 deposited to my credit. That was a hard job. I do not love money but do like to have enough to spend enjoying Paris. I had not had any money to

speak of since coming to Paris, was always broke, and while my salary from the Government piled up in a New York bank, it was not much but still enough on which to enjoy life. I wrote back to Washington that I had given up the British job, although the British pay made the department look like pikers, and that I expected to get at least half my salary after this, and to give up my job at the bank.

A week later, by the first liner, my Washington chief was here in Paris and he and X had quite a talk. I was invited in to join them in the evening. X started the ball rolling:

"Well, Captain Jack, you fooled us. Let's be friends, and work together." To this day we are the best of friends, and many is the time I have done him favors. Only recently I brought out of Russia a bunch of statistics which Downing Street was very glad to get. This was a document worth more than the two

thousand pounds I paid for it, but I turned it over to X for just what it cost me, according to our agreement.

This little adventure is too recent for me to tell much about it. So I will only say that I was sent into Russia to bring out one of our men, who was wounded and arrested in a little town southeast of Moscow. I took a good, fast plane, a Fokker, and plenty of money. I got the man all right, explaining that I was from the oil company for which he was supposed to be investigating there. He was supposed to have been attacked by bandits, but the bandits were careful to get all his papers after nearly killing him, shooting him through the leg and chest and leaving him for dead. However, a little money smoothed things over, even though he was supposed to be under arrest. It just happened that I was able to pick up information which the British, of course, were most

anxious to get. I may say no more since other information may come from the same source.

I thought my story ended, brought up to date, with this last incident but I find there is something more. More recently even X called me up from London to tell me that my old friend Olga had been seen in Berlin, that they had learned from the convent where she had been imprisoned that she had made her get-away about ten days before. I kind of got the wind up over this news, as I had several little things hanging fire and did not want her to be mixed up in them. I thought a lot about her the next night, even considering taking a plane to Berlin to see her, just to find out whether she still had it in for me, or whether she was willing to let bygones be bygones. I also wanted to know how much she knew, and what she was up to. I thought about her so much that night that I hardly slept. It may have been telepathy, or

something psychic, but at half-past eight there was a call on the telephone beside my bed, and the operator said Berlin was calling. In a few seconds there was Olga's voice, bright and cheerful:

"Hello, Jack! How about dinner tonight at the Astoria in Brussels?"

I hesitated. I said I had an appointment. "Nothing doing tonight, but I can make it tomorrow night." I did not wish to seem too eager. She said that was all right with her.

As I entered the dining room of the Astoria, I found Olga before me, more beautiful than ever, her hair white which I thought very becoming. We met as good friends of long standing, not having seen each other for years. We seemed to have forgotten whatever we had against each other, remembering that all had been done in the line of our duty and work. She herself said that she had felt more kindly to me

ever since I let her get away that time in Tours. And I told her that I had hoped, after reporting her to the French police there, that she would get out of France. It was her fault that she didn't.

So we started by feeling quite friendly. She was gay, and asked me if I had thought of her as leaving all worldly ideas while she lived the life of a convent nun, guarded by the British. She assumed a sad expression, like that of a nun to the last detail, or anyway as I think a nun should look. We both laughed.

Over the coffee and liqueurs we got down to business. She told me that she had had enough of it, and was through with the game. No more would she risk her freedom among the spies and agents of international politics: she had paid dearly with eight years within the four walls of a nunnery. She said she did not blame me for anything I had done—it was just all in

the game, she said but rather hard on her. Now she was finished, unless her country called her in an hour of need. She said she had saved up a nice little bank account and was going to try now to enjoy life; she had worked and suffered enough. She did not tell me how she had escaped from her convent prison but the British, through my representations, promised not to arrest her again.

Before Olga and I parted that evening, we came to an agreement not to bother each other but to do what we could to help each other in any legitimate way. I spent a very pleasant evening, returning to Paris on the midnight train, believing her in part, and she knowing that I would leave her alone and not have her picked up by the British unless she crossed my path while working.